

Revelations
of the
Life Beautiful

M. Evalyn Davis



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M. Evelyn Davis

Lovingly Dedicated
To My Dearest Friend, Helentina Clarke,
And To My Husband

* * *

A perfect man; he walks the earth in holy calm.
He wavers not in ways of truth,
Knoweth no fear, feels no alarm;
But poised in God, great noble soul,
Unselfish wields the power
Of Love o'er all he meets.
And like a sweet refreshing shower,
His presence is. The Universe
Extends to him its untold wealth,
While loving hands reach eager forth
To clasp his own. Abundant good, unfailing health
Blesses this perfect man of God.

* * *



Sincerely,
M. Evelyn Davis -

* * * *

Look up! Look to the Heights,
O seeking soul,
What if, where thou dost stand,
The Ocean beat and roll
In its un-rest. Within thy breast
The heights and depths of love eternal dwell;
Nor sorrow deep, nor angry ocean's swell
Can draw thee from this haven blest.

* * * *

REVELATIONS OF THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL

BY
M. EVALYN DAVIS

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1908



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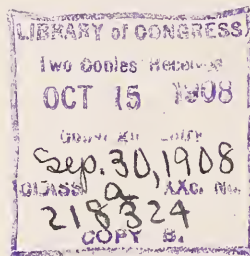


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"O, believe as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear.

"Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages.

"Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace."

—*Emerson.*

Revelations of the Life Beautiful

The heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls un-interruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and truly seen, its tide is ONE.—*Emerson*.

Thou Who Art Awakened To Thee

Not of earth art thou, but of high heaven, a soul whose chords of love sound sweet their melodies, swept by the hand of Christ. The song thy soul doth sing reverberates throughout eternity, and wandering sons of earth catch the refrain, and looking up, behold a ray of light that thrills them into Life Divine.

Thou carest not for birth, for creed, or state, **only** dost thou behold in each and every one **eternal being**. Thy soul hath opened wide its windows, and all the glory of Infinite Love comes wafting through. It is no wonder, then, that thou art loved of all. And words seem of small stature when compiled, to tell thee of the blessedness that thou dost bring mankind.

Like unto the Christ, thou mayst take by the hand the hungering ones, and open wide the door into the halls of Light and Wisdom, and this may be thy sweet

reward. As this hath satisfied the Christ, so doth it bring to thy great soul the Peace of God.

* * * *

Throbbing from out the heart of the Divine sweeps the soul of man, in eternal progression. Naught can stay its power. The life-line of the Infinite is as unbroken as eternity; and when a soul mounts the Horeb-heights of consciousness, there, shall that one seize the prize of spiritual wisdom and revel in the illumination thereof.

Then, years may come and go, and yet it is as though time had never been. Swept aside are the shades of the past; broken down the monuments erected on which to place future Gods. The Eternal Now, to this evolved and awakened soul is **all** it asks, and in this **Eternal Now** is all **fullness**.

* * * *

The Power of Mind

Material Science, so called, combined with Metaphysics, is the power that is awakening within the **mind** of man the more wonderful revelations that shall make for the unfoldment of mankind in the hidden knowledge of what life is—the unseen forces that are continually at work about and within us, the Infinite Energy that is in and through all, and is all: Electricity, the law of gravitation, the law of vibration which taken at its different rates, creates in manifestation untold millions of species of life. All these forces which in the laboratories of the greatest scientists have been proven to exist, are invisible to the eye of man—nevertheless working throughout all things, throughout all space.

In the unlimited universe of spirit which no mechanical eye can discern, and no individual mind can, as yet, compass, is this Invisible Intelligent Presence. Material Science has proven the existence of this Energy by its wonderful methods of invention—the **greatest** power, that of the MIND, as being able to discern and prove the existence of these forces, we must not overlook. Jesus, the greatest Scientific Teacher the world has ever known, dealt **first** with the mind, and thus he controlled the seemingly lesser powers; making even the winds and the waves obey his command, creating at will from out the universal storehouse of energy all that was

necessary for the sustenance of life; chemically producing, by the power of his mind, the wine from the water; annulling all hitherto seemingly established laws regarding death by his prompt and decisive action of mind in raising the dead.

And greater than all these, proving there was no death by laying down his life on the cross and at will taking it up again in the—what we designate—**material** body, thus trying to teach mankind of the infinite power of the mind when directed in line with the currents of Selfless love and a knowledge of the Truth that mind, intelligence, is the power that is all supreme in the Harmonious and Righteous out-workings of the Highest in Man: Unfolded into greater realms of understanding of the power of Mind.

Jesus, after having finished his mission as instructor to the intelligence of man, so etheralized the atoms of his body that he became invisible or visible, at will. Partook of the food to prove to his disciples the quality of vibratory force that **it** was composed of, and lastly ascended at will into the ether of the Divine Love that was awaiting as one great presence to receive him.

To-day it is being proven by photography and other means that the soul on leaving the body can be discerned. Such is the scepticism of the age that these scientific means **must** be used to prove the immortality of life. **Rather** should man be learning the power of mind in such a way that the body could be handled, reduced back to first cause, spirit, or invisible energy, as did Jesus, thereby overcoming death and proving the eternal truth of life.

Along the ages past where man has been blindly groping in ignorance, he has not deemed it necessary to think for himself, but the time has come when every soul as an individualized center **must** perceive the fact that his mind was given him for a purpose, and that purpose the betterment, the advancement of not only his own soul, but to so let his light shine that all who perceive him may know that mankind is the highest manifestation of the Infinite Intelligence, and that unto this evolved center of Conscious Intelligence is given the power to create, to command, to love.

Greater forces are being daily, hourly, established in the Metaphysical Brain of Man than are, or can be produced in the scientific laboratories of the world. And from every quarter is being heralded the good news of the awakening of mankind to the finer forces of his being, which puts him in touch with the Infinite, and through which he may foretell greater discoveries through the power of his mind, linked to the Infinite Intelligence, than ages of material science can demonstrate.

Advanced thinkers, in the silence of their laboratories, guided by the Infinite Intelligence, receive wonderful impressions, they know not from what source, presumably, at the time, but which, when carried into execution, astonish the world.

The mind of man in such an instance, has gone out into the mysterious depths of Intelligence and Concentration on the **one** desire to bring forth these wonderful discoveries for the improvement of the race. Thus he has made of himself an open receptacle for the Great

and ALL-KNOWING MIND, which on his absorption and appropriation of, becomes **his** mind, and he produces, as did Jesus, through this avenue, what—in olden times—would have been indicated as miracles.

When Man so concentrates on the great problem of **life** as the **greatest** of all subjects that he has to deal with, then as like a flash from a clear sky, will come the revelation—“Mind controls all absolutely, now and for eternity.”

Then will the lesser give way for the greater, and the mind of man, the “I am” expand into the limitless grandeur of the Universal.

Working no longer under limitations, he perceives that to have and to hold things as his **own**, is not the **highest**, for within him lays the power of **creation** as his needs appear, in so far as he will work as did Jesus, in selflessness and infinite love.

Jesus came not as a sacrifice for man’s sins. He came to teach man the scientific working principle of the power of mind when in accord with the Great Harmonious Law of the Universe. Proving life Eternal, and man one with this power and not under laws of limitation and death.

The scientific discoveries of the age but go to prove the science of the teachings of Jesus; proving there is an “Infinite and Eternal Energy,” and that intelligence evolved in the mind of man **creates**. “If ye desire a thing, it shall be established unto you,” and “Ask, believing that ye have received,” for **all** wisdom, all power is in this Universal Intelligence, and is ever at the

disposal of him who loves the good supremely, and his neighbor as himself.

Man is a mental being in entirety. All that is visible is composed of the invisible harmonious vibrations of ether. This is the All Intelligent Presence, Spirit, God, Omnipresence, Infinite Energy, Father, or we may call it by whatever name seems most to appeal to our individual need.

If we place the magnet, the mind, in line with the great creative Harmonious Current of Life, we shall be able to produce the perfect manifestation in all lines of desire. If, on the contrary, we place the mind or magnet outside the true and harmonious, we shall not affect the **One** great and infinite Power that eternally is, but we shall draw the needle, our own life, our own body, from its true vibration, and thus produce discord and inharmony.

When Jesus healed he performed no miracle, he simply brought into manifestation the natural and true state of Harmonious Law. He sought to demonstrate this scientific truth of **mind** as creative power in all his teachings.

Undoubtedly he was convinced that he would have to take himself from among the followers in order that they might not worship his personality, but rather be drawn to the **principle**, and the intelligent use thereof, for he said: "I go that the comforter may come to you." He had proven all things possible to man, provided the **principle** was adhered to.

Camille Flammarion says, in speaking of the body:

“It is ruled, directed and organized by **our universal animating force**. This force we may surely dignify by the name of soul. And the body, however material it may appear to us, is nothing but a harmonious grouping due to the attractive action of this inner force. But this force is immaterial, invisible, intangible and imponderable, like the attractive force which locks the world amid the universal harmony.”

Jesus, being aware of all these great truths, plus infinitely greater ones, that shall appear in due time to the thinking and searching mind of man, understood spirit to be the real substance and the mind or soul of man to be the real Ego that has the power of manifesting as the perfect principle itself.

* * * *

Affirmations

I will not think of a "Life Beyond," but remember the Eternal Now, and the fullness of the Omnipotent Life that is this moment pulsating throughout my entire being.

* * * *

I will remember that there is plenty of time in my earth-life, in the to-day, and I do rejoice in THIS the ONE supreme moment of my life.

* * * *

I will let the divine Harmonies sing perpetually throughout my consciousness the song of Eternal Joy and Life as my abundant portion.

* * * *

The fountain of Life Eternal is within me.

* * * *

I am an individualized expression of the GREAT
INTELLIGENCE.

* * * *

Inherent within me is immortality. The perfection
of my spiritual self is free to manifest in my bodily
expression.

* * * *

I happened into Heaven one day.
The gates were open, and I glided in;
'Twas Sabbath, yet I found at play
The children, with no thought of sin.

* * * *

My Own

Together, you and I, dear heart,
Throughout the endless aeons of eternity do live,
Each in the other;
And of the other each a part;
 One in the whole.
The heart-throb that doth tell **thy** Joy
 Is but the echo of my soul
Whispering throughout the silence, sweet, of love,
Of aspiration that doth lift us
 To the heights above.

Together, you and I. Would Life be sweet
With **half** the knowledge of thy God?
Couldst thou withstand the divining rod
And say—"It is well?"
 Ah no, dear heart,
'Twere chaos drear to know not **all** of God.
When I can teach my soul to coldly dwell
 From thee apart,
Then Heaven hath lost its radiance,
 Earth its sun.
What would life be without thee, dear?
A dismal void, a soulless cheer.
There ever sounds throughout my soul
A melody too sweet for words;
In which the rhythmic notes of love
 Of **thy** great heart,
Play all the grander, deeper part,

And leads and lures me on and on
To heights sublime, to LOVE DIVINE.

Together, you and I. The song each soul doth sing—
A God-note of itself—yet mingling,
Softly blends, one with the other;
As greater anthems into heavenly music ring,
In cadence most divine, and most complete,
The symphonies of perfect love,
Pulsating into greater power, as soul communes with soul
And each the other proves.

* * * *

A Realization

You are walking upon the mountain-tops of Christ Consciousness. Your soul is bathed in the splendor of the Universal Harmony. You gaze into the valley of peace and love, knowing only the Divine Inspiration of the Christ indwelling. You now behold, as did the Master, your entire being throbbing in unison with the Father.

You see yourself a center of Peace and Power, of Love and Truth. You are now breathing out in Omnipresence your messages of inspiration to every soul in the Universe.

You behold yourself an all-penetrating breath of Omniscience thrown out into Infinite space. One with the universal presence, carrying into the very depths of ignorance and sin the warmth of love, the sweetness and purity of life, the wisdom of knowledge through understanding.

You are a power undreamed of in the possibilities of man as manifesting on the earth-plane. You are a Christ, a Savior, a God. You are the Universal Harmony individualized upon earth, that you may be seen and heard of men, proclaiming to their understanding the truth of **their** God indwelling.

* * * *

A Vision

Very early in the morning, as usual, I began the realization of the Omnipresence, affirming silently, "I am surrounded and permeated by the All Good." Inhaling deeply, and slowly exhaling, I sensed myself **consciously drifting out** of the body, into a state of lightness and buoyancy.

I realized that I was being taken in the arms of Infinite Love, and borne into brighter scenes than those of the earth-plane. The mind was kept consciously in touch with the body by the affirmation "I desire to bring back a vivid consciousness of all I see and hear in this bright realm."

A peculiar rocking sensation took possession of me. Presently I found myself softly humming a sweet old melody, in which, first, the voice of my Angel Mother joined, followed by another, and still another, until a mighty chorus was pealing forth and reverberating throughout the heavens. And I, who had so longed to hear the melodies of Heaven, voiced by the angel choir, was in the very midst of it.

Slowly, softly, the last sweet note died away. Glancing down, I beheld on a low stool at my feet, an open parchment. So intent was I in deciphering the message thereon, I found myself coming again into bodily consciousness, and meditated, "It is not best to lose what I know to be in store for me here, to further **insist** on the

reading of this parchment. I shall see it again." Reluctantly I turned from it, and as I gave it a farewell glance, saw plainly, midway the paper, the words "The ark of the covenant."

By some mighty power, I was then **instantly** borne out over landscape that earth-language cannot picture; glowing in splendor, rare in coloring, iridescent the foliage, entrancing the bloom; soft and velvety the carpets of green. The crystal lakes be-jeweled beyond conception of loveliness.

I was seemingly alone; and yet often sensing a presence, either at one side or the other, turning to see who it might be, would behold only an immense bank of glowing bloom, deep and divinely beautiful in tintings, sweet and almost overpowering in aroma. I was wafted here and there at my own sweet will, as I was attracted by new scenes of beauty. I was filled with wonder and amazement, knowing consciously that I was glimpsing the spirit realm, and longing earnestly to bring back to earth-life, a vivid remembrance of its loveliness.

Even the blossoms would reach out to caress me as I passed them, while from some of their petals seemed to emerge baby hands that clasped me close; and from rare depths of bloom, peered eyes of heavenly hue that lured me into deeper labyrinths of this fascinating mystery. I was as light as air. The birds of brilliant plumage and musical notes soared with me, touching the foliage, dipping their wings lightly in the dazzling water, as in unison we caressed the passing loveliness.

Butterflies of glowing colors would lightly touch my lips as I listened closely to catch the words they seemed

to imprint thereon. Alone with Nature! Alone with God! My soul reveled in satisfaction. The soft caress of the wafting zephyrs seemed sweeping over aeolian harp-strings so sweet its murmurings. I gave myself up to deliciously drift and drink deep of this spirit realm, which grew more and more bewildering, more intensely fascinating, until--on the crest of a mountain--I stood, and lo! All was changed in the twinkling of an eye, into what appeared to be a winter scene. All was as white as snow, soft and downy, glittering and sparkling, be-jeweled flakes of frost and myriad tinted, like diamonds.

I beheld no sun; no rays of light from any direct source, and yet everything was aglow with dazzling brilliancy. I said: "As beautiful as it all is, still I do not like winter; summer with her flowers and balmy breath, dancing waters and singing birds, appeals much more to me than this." Close beside me a voice softly answered, "But this is our winter, dear, it will not chill you." Glancing around, I beheld my sainted mother in radiant robes of white. Her hand, in which she clasped mine, was **warm** and very similar to the touch of loving hands on earth, save that there was a light electric current playing through my being, coming direct from her hand through mine. Then she drew me close in the gentle Mother embrace I knew so well. Together we stood in this fairy-land of diamond lights and snowy whiteness, lost in blissful realization of re-united love. No words were spoken. The silence had a language of the soul, all its own.

Presently she withdrew from me and I threw myself upon the ground into what I supposed would touch me

with a chill; but **no!** It was cool, invigorating, penetrating me through and through with its lightness, buoyancy and brilliancy. I fairly sparkled and scintillated in unison with it. I bathed in its snowy whiteness, gathered it in my hands, tossed it up, danced in childish glee, and again was awed into deep silence. My Mother watched me with keen interest, and after a time, drew near, touched my arm gently, and we floated out, higher, on and on. Still all was of this gleaming white, this intense purity.

Presently we came to a gate-way opening into another realm. I desired to enter. Mother quietly expostulated with me, and just at this moment, my elder brother, who had been out in spirit life for many years, stood by me and laughingly said, as he took my hand, and threw himself carelessly against one of the pillars of the gate-way—"You surely do not want to enter there. It will disappoint you sorely." Eager to work out my own salvation, I answered—"I desire to see it **all;**" and laughingly pushed him aside.

The gate flew open as if by magic, and I stood alone within the walls of an enclosure that looked much like earth. I knew myself as **spirit**, being **conscious** of having left the body, and so had no fear, but called back "Are you not coming, Mother?" I received no answer. It was a transformation scene I did not enjoy, but I had so **willed** it, therefore began my tour of investigation. I found different sized enclosures in which were beautiful animals of all descriptions, but so surrounded that escape seemed impossible. Their eyes looked into mine so appealingly my heart fairly throbbed with sadness to see them thus confined. Their longing for freedom was very

evident, and yet they seemed so helpless. "So it is with earth's children," was softly breathed in my ear. I felt a trifle chagrined that I had **insisted** on entering here, and somewhat fearful; however, I had made the selection, and must work out my own salvation. "I shall move out on the first ray of light I see. I am **spirit**. The pathway of spirit can not be limited." No sooner affirmed than realized; but I found myself in a larger and lighter enclosure. Again I affirmed, "I shall find another gleam of light to guide me on to freedom." Instantly I found myself outside the walls and alone.

Advancing up the hill-side, I found the shimmering lights of rare beauty, still in evidence everywhere, save immediately under my feet, which rested on the harvest time of grain, a perfect carpet, soft and yielding to my step. A short distance from where I stood, all blended into glittering scenes of white. Scanning eagerly its loveliness, behold a **new** glory dawned on my view. Against the horizon appeared several mountain peaks, gleaming, sparkling white. High and clear against the sky a blaze of diamond lights. But **one**, whose loveliness was so divine that pen can not portray it, stood out from among the others, alone, radiant, glorified in its sheen of purity. I was spell-bound; gazing long in rapt adoration of its magnificence.

Slightly down its side there appeared a light, transcendent in splendor, bathing all with inexpressible loveliness. A shadowy form arose from out this light, and around this **form**, this **fleecy cloud**, came all the colors in their most mellow tints, from softest cream-like shadings, to daintiest pinks and lavenders, on into heavenly blues, and deeper, richer tints of purple; then all blended

at the base into purest white and gold. I stretched forth my arms, and in ecstasy cried out "Divine! Divine! Divine!" Instantly my mother's voice softly said, "Mount Olivet." I reached out to clasp her hand. "Do not touch me. It is enough," she said.

A peculiar thrill swept throughout my being as I peacefully opened my eyes once more on earth conditions.

The link connecting the seen with the unseen was forged anew, and the wonderland of the Infinite was close at hand. Most assuredly do I know that I have glimpsed its beauties, among which is the spiritualized, the sacred Mount Olivet, from which ascended our Savior.

With pleasure I record this, my voyage into the "Great Beyond" which seems far more vivid to me than any earth journey I have ever taken, the transcendent beauties of which no pen can portray, no language, save that of the soul, express.

* * * *

An Affirmation

There is the Great and Infinite Mind that knoweth all things, of which my mind is a part. My soul is of the Great Oversoul. My sight is that of the All Seeing Eye. My hearing, that of the All Hearing One that revels in the Universal Harmonies. My voice is of that Great Symphonic Melody, the Music of the Spheres that sways the Powers in the Seen and the Unseen, at its slightest tone.

My Breath is of the Great Breath which is the Life of All. It is of the ether of High Heaven in whose realms I float at will on the breath of Love, viewing the transcendent glories that bloom eternal in the boundlessness of Spirit.

* * * *

The Soul's Destiny

Dost thou not know, O soul of man,
How limitless is thy might?
Canst thou not trust the Father's plan,
And sense the dawning light?

E'er flowing through thee is a stream
Of God-illumined fire;
Thou art not born to idly dream.
Thy God cries—"Come up higher!"

Thou art not plebian, sleuth or slave;
And thou canst trust the call, "believe"!
Thou hast eternal power to save,
E'er urging on. Thou shalt achieve.

* * * *

The Power of Love

If people only knew the bountiful provider, the easy task-master that LOVE is, the jails and penitentiaries would not be so thronged. If, every morning, each one would say "I will take with me this morning into the world, and its onward crush, just the one weapon—Love," he would find the world at his feet, God revealed and plenty of all good flowing to him from every quarter.

If this sweet weapon--Love—could be used for but one short hour, by all the unions and trusts in the country, it would revolutionize the entire labor question and bring plenty and happiness into every home. It would open the purse strings of the money-holders and fill the home of every laborer in the land, with radiant sunshine. It would give to every man, woman and child, superb health.

Love is the sum and substance of the teachings of Jesus Christ that were given for all. He taught that we should love the Good supreme, the good in everybody, and everything. Refuse to talk over the ill things of life. Refuse to condemn; but determine to win all through Love. Then comes the desired peace and plenty. This great power of unselfish love in one's consciousness, is a drawing card that can not fail you. No one can resist the loving one, the sweet smile, the kind act.

Cease all self-condemnation and go forth in life with

this one avowed purpose in mind, "I will win all through Love," and then let Love radiate from you. No matter if you have on the commonest of clothing it will work like magic and you will be recognized as a bright, sweet and pure presence, that none can resist. "He who runs may read" such an one. The battle is yours, and you are a blessing to the entire world.

LOVE unlocks all sorts of prison-doors, breaks down all walls of oppression, melts away all barriers to success, and floods the entire being with light.

This is nothing more than good common sense, sound philosophy, and the best receipt ever given for overcoming poverty, gloom, sickness, worry, sin and care. There is a LOVE so deep, so grand, that it can not be sounded or compassed by the mind of man, until he be unfolded into the perfect Intelligence of the Universe.

Seek not to confound the use of LOVE with that of personal gain or selfish satisfaction, but go into the depths of the Christ teachings, and from them bring forth the bright jewels that lay hidden to the unsearching mind. Bring forth the bright gems that gleam and scintillate from the depths of true God consciousness, and beam forth as brilliant rays of love-light, that pierce the gloom of every sorrowing heart in the Universe.

Then break forth, soul, into the ONE Grand Theme of LOVE that was given to the world in the glowing teachings of Christ Jesus; and this world will become so charged with brightness, so brilliant, that all the worlds surrounding her shall be attracted to our bright sphere, and LOVE shall be the ALL KNOWN and Widely wor-

shipped GOD; attracting all that inhabit the entire universe of worlds. This is no mythical teaching. It is the philosophical teaching of Jesus, demonstrated by him wherever he went, and whenever he spoke.

These wondrous words of LOVE are to be brought into an abiding state of use; the fruits of which are Harmony, Freedom, Prosperity, Wisdom and Pure Spirit Consciousness, which becomes inevitably in prominence in every seeking soul.

LOVE was the power which Jesus wielded. LOVE was, and is, the awakening Life presence, the bountiful provider, the all-healing presence, the kingdom of heaven consciousness which his disciples had at times, when they came in closest spiritual touch with Christ.

LOVE unfolded peace to the hearts of the sorrowing, and opened the eyes of the blind; healed the lepers, and turned darkness into light. Not for self-glory did Christ wield this mighty power of LOVE. His teachings are handed down to us through generations, as the Greatest, most sacred, and yet most practical, ever given to the world.

Would it not have been wise to have destroyed the old Mosaic teachings and laws entirely, when our Savior came teaching such wondrous LOVE? Not even holding to these old documents as a matter of History? For do we not even to-day see the error that fills the mind of the over-zealous Bible reader? Those who "believe every word in the Bible?" It seems incredible that any one can make such a random statement, and if it is so, that they so blindly believe, is it any wonder that in hearing of crime, these same people cry out that the

guilty one be punished? Christ only prayed—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Again he teaches—"LOVE is the fulfilling of the law."

The brightest star in the diadem of the immortals is **that** LOVE which symbolizes the teachings of Christ; that which comes straight from the fountain of love within each soul; and when a soul is poised in LOVE, untouched by selfish motives, that soul has the power to speak the words of spirit, and of life to all creation, and as he speaks, so speaks God; and as God speaks, the Universe obeys. Thus man through the power of LOVE, as taught by Jesus Christ, has proven that all power is given unto him in heaven and on earth.

* * * *

Nature is God that loves everything into manifestation.

* * * *

Affirmations

I am Wisdom, infinite.
I am Knowledge, profound.
I am Power, unlimited. Health unfailing
And Love, all absorbing.
I stand in the white light of spirit.

* * * *

My Verse

A poem strange kept singing in my brain.
It stole or crept through matter gray
In fascination sweet. It dazzled and it danced
And like a child at play
It never wearied grew, but sang of love,
Prated of Joy and gurgled on in glee,
And through this citadel of gray
In rhythmic words it jostled me.

From morn 'til night I knew no rest.
It seemed as yet a formless thing,
And still, throughout the hours of sleep,
'Twould thrill and cause my heart to sing
Deep songs of Joy; so near my love,
So far away unrest, distrust,
I'd mount to heavenly realms on wings
Of light; but to learn that I must
Awakened be, and know it all a dream.
That sweet elusive verse was only mine
In darkest quiet hours of night when only consciousness
Of soul was rife, and not a line
Could visibly be writ. Weeks formed in months
And months in years, and still my poem sang
Of love, of something yet beyond, a depth
I could not fathom. How it rang
Its bells of sweet unrest within my soul. At last
I vaunted forth to conquer, and to meet
The world as best I could, and drown

This thing, this verse to me so sweet,
And yet so vague; and I succeeded quite,
For look ye! yonder in the eventide,
Behold my verse, the poem rare,
My heart's best Love, my Queen, my Bride.

* * * *

Swing out into the Universal. Forget the trivial ills of the passing hour, and know thy power over them. Is it worth while to warp and shrivel thy beautiful body and throw around thy soul seeming bonds of limitation by allowing thyself to dwell in small and obstructed avenues of thought?

Surmount negative conditions that would announce themselves as realities and let thy soul have freedom to give and receive of the mighty and never ceasing supply of Intelligent Harmonious Life.

The wheels of the Great Universe never cease activity and one who takes himself out of the harmonious vibrations, either by his will or through ignorance of the law, quickly finds himself in untrue lines.

Harmonize with that thou dost contact, consciously dwell in peace, unity and wisdom, thus becoming a **Universal Soul**. Then shall every moment of thy life for eternity prove a blessing to mankind.

Then Life, Love, Power, will know fullness in and through thee and thou shalt be glorified with the Father's Own Self.

* * * *

You ask "Where have I been?" On yon Elysian hills, from whose sweet heights I view the mountains in the distance farther on, rise as spires and domes, cathedrals and altars, rare in architectural beauty and enshrined in bounteous divinity and radiance. I walk the enchanted path beneath the towering trees and breathe within my soul **my Oneness with all life.**

I encircle with my arms, in all simplicity and trust, the trunks of grand old trees "afame with God," and my open soul thereby receives the vital meaning, the interpretation of spiritual vitality; as, consciously, I dwell in the boundless realm of Harmony and Love.

* * * *

Morning

The sun breaks over the eastern line, with a soft flood of light, throwing rays of warmth and love into every receptive heart; thrilling into new life and beauty every living thing.

The plants, flowers, foliage, verdure of every description, awaken in tender and joyous greeting, to bless its shining face. The entire sky lends her entrancing loveliness to assist in the glory of the awakening morn. The birds burst forth in one grand chorus of sweetest melody and praise; the earth throbs into greater ecstasy, and gladly yields herself to the sweet caress and warm kisses of the morning sun. The teardrops of dew which have so refreshed the earth in the stillness of the night, are again absorbed into the great atmosphere of love, only to return with the going down of the sun, to again bathe each blade of grass and expectant blossom.

It is the One Life, and gladly the tiny dewdrops give tribute to the glorious monarch of the day; knowing that as they desire and are needed, so will the **great heart of Love** gently allow them to return in their errand of mercy, to refresh sweet Mother Earth.

Heavenly Mornings! glorified with this radiant sunburst of Love and Light. The sweetness of the atmosphere, the glory of the sky, engage our most heartfelt attention. Do we not know a more glorious morning when the sun of **Love** breaks over the horizon of our

consciousness, leaving behind all darkness and gloom, making us to embrace all life with glowing, infinite warmth and love? Shining not alone for One, but for all mankind; all life; every pebble and mountain, flowing stream and boundless ocean, tiny shrub and blade of grass, to mighty forest. Fairly merging our own happiness into the song of the birds; shining steadily, tenderly, on all alike. Permeating with our great soul warmth every one whom our eyes rest upon, irrespective of person, race or kind.

Thrilling all into new life, giving new impetus to every opening bud of beauty, assisting the full blown into life, into greater harmony and fragrance, and shedding a soft glow of appreciation on all that are laying off the sere and faded leaves, into a consciousness of greater glories that are unfolding before them, and demonstrating to them the great truth of immortal Life. Proving the mighty truth of Love manifest in the flesh, by our constant radiation of the sun's rays from our own soul, the great Sun Center, or God Center within, that is a perpetual morning of rare beauty and choice blessings.

This sunshine in the soul, this glowing love, absorbs all else and draws all good to itself, radiating broadcast the Divine Being, which every child of God is. We may let this light shine with such splendor that the clouds, even, may become a grand spectacular display of wondrous beauty, and all will pause and exclaim on their exquisite loveliness, the rare tints and gorgeous linings of golden glory. Thus will the very clouds prove a blessing to the weary wayfarer, as he meets us in the onward march of time.

If there be leaden days and the raindrops fall, still the sun, the soul, is shining within; and after the baptism of refreshing shower or even days of rain, our light may burst forth in renewed splendor, bringing forth greater fruits, and stronger growth, with our never-ceasing warmth and love.

If we are closed out of some lives, by their own cloud-brooding consciousness, then stand ready to shine in the moment they lift the veil, and great shall be their growth and soul awakening. For none can withstand the great, gleaming, penetrating light and love of an ever radiant sunburst of Truth, centered in God, and a veritable Sun of God.

This is manifesting Love in the flesh, as did Jesus. This is shining every moment, whenever and wherever any one will enter our presence, or allow the morning of our presence to dawn upon their receptive vision.

* * * *

My Butterfly

I love you, darling butterfly,
In your dress of black and gold.
Drift closer, please, you are so shy;
I'd dearly love to hold
You in my hand.

I promise, sweet, your tiny feet
Shall rest at your own will
Upon my finger. I entreat
That I may sense the thrill
Of your bright beauty
In my hand.

Who painted you such gorgeous tints,
Are they of heaven? these shining glints
Of color that so shimmer as you go
From flower to flower, now fast, now slow,
E'er fluttering, fluffing, like a sprite?
Happy all day. In the still of the night
Resting at will in the heart of a flower.
Ne'er counting time, but—hour by hour—
Gathering in color rich tints from the sun.
Come! Rest on my hand,
You pretty one.

I'll not spoil your powder of black and gold,
That gives you glory so rare to behold.
I'll not bruise your wings, or your feet, sweet one.

I simply will love you, from sun to sun.

If you will but rest

On my hand, sweet one.

* * * *

Oppressed, Sayst Thou? Not so, great soul. Thou art thrice blessed in Truth, in Love, in Power. Believest thou in error's way? That there is error to overthrow thee? Then awaken greater knowledge of thine own soul's power, and know thou those that teach thee error hath power, do still themselves in bonds of slavery struggle. They are but still striving to free their own untutored souls from chains of doubt and fear forged by their own mad fancies.

Error is not a part of God, nor hath it any power save that thine own soul giveth it in some sad hour of thine own wavering mind. Neither is there any mind so fraught with power when functioning not in the Universal Harmony as to touch thine own pure soul.

Arise to nobler thoughts and grander deeds, than dwelling on the untruths thou dost conjure in thine own un-enlightened mind. Break thou the bonds of pharisaical pride, and stand Thou alone with thy GOD, until thou canst say—"Verily, I fear Naught."

On Mountain top, in woodland glen, in dancing waters, in shining stars, in souls unfolding 'neath thy word of Truth, in melodies entrancing, and in sunlight's gleam, let thou thy soul abide. The Master hath said "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you" as you desire.

Then quibble not over the isms and creeds and shadows of that which darkens thy horizon. Is not one gleam from out the radiance of the GREAT SUN CENTER, GOD, within thy soul, more to thee than volumes of that which is but a reiteration of what another hath said? Know ye not that UNTO YOU A CHRIST IS BORN? Know ye not that the POWER OF GOD is GIVEN UNTO YOU, to stand forth a center of Divine Intelligence? Thy soul rebels at being bound and fettered like a galley-slave and cries aloud for "freedom!" And wouldst thou strangle the cries of the Christ-child within thee?

Wonderful power hath been given thee, but not to be seen and heard of men, rather to do the works of him that sent thee.

Be thou free in the universe of Harmonious Law, to do its bidding. The Christ within thee will never bow the knee to creeds and dogmas, to rules and despotism. THINE OWN TRUE SELF DEMANDS A FEARLESS RECOGNITION. Bow not to lesser powers than the MOST HIGH.

Thou art GOD MANIFEST, then do thou the God-like work. Take up thy word of truth, and fearlessly "Follow thou me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light"; so saith our great Teacher, the Master Mind of the Universe.

* * * *

There is nothing but that Life vibrates through it in holy calm.

* * * *

The DIVINE seeks expression. It must and will find recognition. No matter how relentlessly man may keep smothering the Harmonious Law of his being, it is a useless task, as time will prove. Look at the seemingly most hardened of God's creation, how they melt and mingle almost unconsciously in the purity and sweetness of Nature, if given a day of Freedom from their pent-up dens of infamy, alone with the beauties of Nature, with song-birds and fragrant flowers, the sweet wind playing an accompaniment of Peace in the soft rustling leaves of the trees, which to them tells its own glad song of welcome.

Note how the hungry eye scans the winsome bits of scenery the distant grandeur of the mountains raising their heads of smoked pearl from their depths of bluish haze; the valleys in their rare beauty, the cool touches of green, and dainty coloring of field and flowers. Can you not see in the eager eye that sweeps the quiet lake, the longing for its pure reflection in their own souls? There are none so lost but that the DIVINE is ALL of them, the only lasting, the only real presence.

Darkness can not linger when once the soul catches a sweet and refreshing glimpse of the DIVINE within. An earnest desire for freedom, a cry "I am a-weary of the un-true!" is the herald of the true self claiming its own.

The Divine, knowing no error, never reproaches; is of too pure eyes to look into the shadowy past, looks not to the future, but divulges the glory and fullness of the Eternal Now. It is not lectures and reproaches, neither schools or money that is needed to bring out the God innate in every soul. It is rather the giving to each and every one an opportunity to behold tolerance and love, and God attributes in those who do know of the Divine Indwelling.

Throwing open to their hungering souls the door to Nature's heart, as also the door to our own love, that they may behold the Father's face, that they may see in the eyes of the awakened ones, appreciation of the Divine that is longing for expression in their souls. Allowing them to think freely, without feeling themselves under condemnation and censure of those more progressed in the knowledge of the Truth.

* * * *

I can bathe in the **fullness** of the **Good**, if I **will**. I can live in it, if I **will**. I can drink from the fountain of Joy, if I **will**. I can be a magnet that draws only good, if I **will**. I can uplift mankind, if I **will**. I can so link myself in ONENESS with the Father, that His will can be mine, and the "I **will**" show forth as the Father's will.

* * * *

The activities of God are ever pressing on to more righteous fulfillment.

* * * *

Love is the crowning glory of the soul. In it, the soul expanding, enters the unfathomable depths of God-Consciousness, and knows of a **truth** the **power** that **overcometh** all.

* * * *

God Speaking in Man

Dear longing heart, if thou wouldst know
The words of Truth which from me flow
To meet the need thy soul doth feel,
Lend me thine ear; and gently kneel
Before the shrine of Life Divine,
Breathing sweet incense from the lines
That fall full fast from lips of Love
To lift thee to that realm above.

I am thy Life. Thou art Divine.
Then waver not. My love is thine.
As sweet flowers bloom in Edenland,
So Life and Love weave in a strand
The power and peace that flood thy soul
In Omnipresence. One, the whole.
While, blossoming beneath thy feet,
Are dainty flowers, white and sweet.

The dear Christ presence opes the gate,
And Love is Queen. There is no fate
That holds thee from expressing all
Thy great soul cravest. I hear thy call;
And ever in the silence dear
I touch in notes divinely clear
Thy inmost Being, and thou knowest
The harmony of the Heavenly Host.

I give my angels fair, to thee,
To ope Life's grand Eternity.
To bathe thee in the Power Divine
That thou mayest **do** this **will** of **mine**.
That thou mayst free thine own pure soul
And grasp the universal whole.
That thou mayst soar on wings of Love
And to the world may ably prove
Thy Oneness with Infinity;
Thy knowledge of Eternity.
Thy power to speak the word that frees
The erring ones on land, on seas,
To bring them to the Truth Divine.
The **living** in this **Will** of mine.

I am the Power, the Life, the Way.
Thou art in Me. Then, never stray
In paths of doubt, obscure, untrue.
Cast out the old. Let in the new.
Breathe in the Omnipresence sweet.
Thou art redeemed. Stand on thy feet.
While through thy Being thus I bring
The freedom that a soul doth sing,
As bounding forth on wings of Love,
It merges into realms above.
And looking out, it views the Whole
As One Grand Presence, One Great Soul;
One boundless Vast, Infinity,
Embracing all Eternity.

* * * *

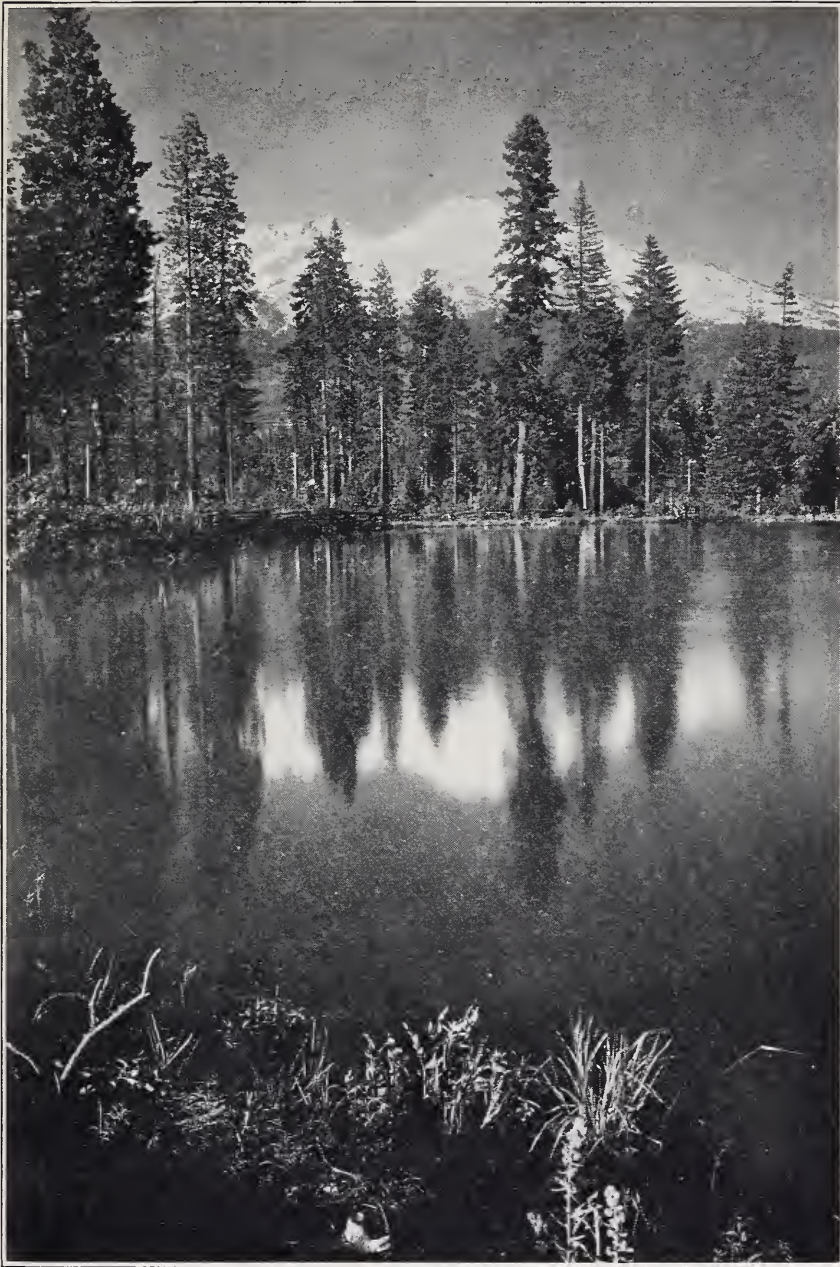
Shasta Message

Under the grand old pines at Shasta Springs, in the fall of Nineteen Hundred and Five, my husband, a dear friend and myself, while enjoying the silence of this lovely spot one bright afternoon, received word for word the following message from my brother C——, who passed into the spirit world some years since. This message came in answer to questions we were discussing. He said—"Soul to soul, linked together by the breath of the Master, traveling in the space of Eternity, drinking in the spiritual revelation of the Father, gliding into Greater Life. We must walk step by step in the precepts of the Father; then shall we join the hands of love, going on, forever and ever, into the brightness and glory of the SUPREME ONE.

"I am with you—waiting, waiting. All else save soul-communion and living the Christ-life is as nothing. The past is nothing. I am ever near, and although it is not given me to speak at all times, I watch and wait.

"This is a beautiful spot, favorable to the children of God; yet how many look out upon its rare beauties and fail to understand. How blessed it is that **You** comprehend the wonders of His hand-i-work. All **thoughts** go into the Eternal. Nothing is lost. The higher your soul ascends, the more Christ-like the messages you receive. The **purser** the **thought**, the **greater** the **gift**.

"Look up, dear ones. One of your number, A——, is a great soul. His wisdom is of the Father. He was the God-given son.



"A beautiful spot, favorable to the children of God."

“When we seek such beautiful places as **this** for soul communion, there is a fuller spirituality. We are nearer God, the Father, the Fountain-head of Life. Oh, to drink therefrom is beautiful, glorious beyond the conception of earth.

“When the Little One comes (meaning my friend who was with me) the doors will be thrown wide open into the visions of Christ. We are waiting, waiting to touch the Spirit hand. Ever do we call her higher and higher. Come into the Christ Consciousness. Live, breathe, drink, spring into the highest. You will see wonderful manifestations of the Divine on earth. One, meaning my friend, is a little nearer the shore. She has always been a developed soul, although not conscious of it. She has been led into the Light and Love of the Father. Always individualized in Him since the time of Christ. You would ask—‘Why has she not been conscious of it?’ I answer, Why have we all lived a dead life in the earth life, never to awaken until the Father’s light shines in upon our darkened visions, and we behold our ONENESS with HIM. I only know I am waiting. **I** would call the Little One, but the Father says—‘Nay, Nay. She has much work to do for **my** People on earth.’

“Such hours as these bring us closer, closer. Oh, the vast **Space** of **Eternity**! Endless reign of the Father! Beautiful! Glorious! Inexpressible! Only waiting for that grand re-union when we shall understand the mistakes of life as nothing. The Great and Glorious Eternity is **for us**. The longing heart-cry and desire is at last answered. Come up higher, higher. All, All is glorious. Adieu, dear ones.”

* * * *

My Spirit-Love

The twilight falls, soft stealing through my room,
While shadows nestle here and there,
Playing at Hide and Seek about my chair.
In sweetest silent mood, I fondly dream
And Aye, perchance, do meditate at length
On greater worlds than this can seem
To be. For years I've longed for higher notes and
deeper tones;
Have yearned to keep from lesser and material things
To dwell on heights before un-dreamed of and unknown;
And now, as in the twilight, divinely calm and dear,
List I, and wait; direct, I hear
A voice as sweet and resonant of love as an aeolian harp,
Call out, "Star of my star, heart of my heart,
I've waited long for thee.
Walked by thee through the shadows dim
Of earth's cold life.
I've guided and I've guarded thee,
Have kept thee from all strife.

Thou art as fair as God's pure lilies are.
Thy diadem is as gleaming stars
In Christ's own crown, and handed down
To thee from realms of Immortality.
Thou art, soul of my soul,
A treasure likened unto heaven's own;
Christ's beacon-light to guide earth's erring ones

Into the greater realms above,
For **thou art Love.**

I touch thee, bright earth flower thou art,
And find thee mirrored in my heart.
 Gazing into thine eyes of blue,
 Behold myself, divinely true.
Thou art a soul by **heaven glorified**
Fair goddess of my Life, My spirit bride.
In God we blend, and going forth in Him
The Golden Gates ope wide that we may journey in.
 All mazes of earth-life are past
The Christ's illumined glory 'round us cast.
As one, we mingle in the Love Divine
Chanting the Father's praise through endless time.

* * * *

In Meditation

Within me eternally flows the fountain of immortal youth; Within dawns the awakening power to show forth to all mankind the Infinite Life, that which is the Life of All.

Within is the secret spring which unlocks the door, revealing untold treasures of knowledge, purity and power, even unto the life of every opening bud and blossom.

The Poet chants his glorious lay of love within my soul. The peace and harmony of the Universe breathes through me its sweet calm. The singing birds carol forth the Infinite Life in me. The laughing child is but an echo, giving back to me my own. Within me lie the peaceful valleys besprinkled with tiny blossoms, the rock ribbed mountains of majestic splendor, the sweet peace and calm of Nature.

Within me glows the summer sun, and falls the cooling fleecy mantle of purity and whiteness of winter; not chilling and drear, but full of earnest protection that my soul may open up in full glory in the spring-tide of its awakening.

* * * *

An Affirmation

I have infinite faith in the abiding presence of the Almighty Good, in the midst of every condition.

* * * *

O, Mountain Heights, like God's great Truth,
Ye lure me on and on.
And when I've touched the crest I seek
Behold! There's greater heights beyond.

* * * *

“Father Forgive”

It is wonderful how our lives round out to the perfect in all things when we perceive the ALLNESS of INFINITE LOVE, And our existence in that Love. A realization of Peace and Happiness before unknown, opens up to us as we advance in the understanding of this Creative Principle of Love which is Universal. It gives us beautiful and realistic views of the power and dominion we may attain to, and urges us to “arise and let our light shine” that others may be enabled to come into their rightful heirship.

It is not hard to close our minds against old beliefs in a “God of vengeance” and accept the God of **Love**, for in accepting this belief which we should do through the understanding of the Principle as an eternally existing presence, it is impossible to have aught within save the consciousness of the “Kingdom of God and His righteousness.”

“To love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves” is to be able to say with the blessed Master, when seeming persecutions arise—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” continually insisting that we look upon our would-be persecutors with love and an earnest desire to lift them into their rightful inheritance. **This is Love**, that which will mellow and dissolve all hardness and bitterness of those who live in non-recognition of the Good.

It will draw mankind to their true and only Source. The Great Heart that throbs throughout the universal whole is LOVE. A Love that knows neither hatred, malice, wrong or envy. Its whisperings are constantly—"Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." It breathes only of good in all things—speaks only of progression, of an advance into the more glorious understanding of the Divine. This understanding causes us to look through eyes of Love, beyond a select circle of friends whom it is easy to love, on all our fellowmen, makes us long to give to every hungry soul the knowledge we have of spiritual law that overcomes all claims of sin, sickness and death, "the last enemy to be overcome."

Christ came to teach us power and dominion over ignorance and ill, of our rightful heritage to Peace, Joy, Happiness, Plenty, Harmony and Love. The understanding of which gives us the power to live in the fullness of the Universal Plenty, in perfect Health and Harmony, in Heaven, Here and Now.

Our lives will round out to the circle of God's ALLNESS in the knowledge of this Truth. We must give forth Love, and we shall receive of Love. Give happiness, and we shall be Happy. Accept of our God-given dominion and power, and pour forth thoughts of love and health and we will realize health for ourselves. Ask not wisdom of Man, but of GOD, and "Ask, believing that ye have received."

When unjustly accused, softly breathe from a soul of Love—"Father, forgive." And Love will be to us as a sweet enveloping thought in which we shall abide with Christ in God, resting in his Pure Love.

Under any and all circumstances, let us accept that which belongs to our spiritual estate. In the words of Emerson, "Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the Divine Circuit. Let us unlearn the wisdom of the world. Let us lie low in the Lord's Power and learn that **Truth** alone makes rich and great."

Let Love nourish us and un-lock new magazines of Power, of understanding that Love is Omnipresent. Refusing to deny its existence because manifesting unto others in different forms from that which appeals to us. Any who heal in Christ's name, in the name of Love, are of a truth working in ONENESS with the Great Principle of Love.

Let us open our spiritual eyes and behold Love, in the peaceful beauty of all Creation.

* * * *

In the Forest

I love the trunk of that darling old tree.
To be sure its defects are plain to see.
It is rough and bruised, bearing the mark
Of carvings of years upon its bark.
But, somehow, it wears in a Kingly way,
Such a wealth of green, in graceful sway
In the soft summer winds, all aglint with the sun.
So tenderly shelters its birds, one by one,
As they cosily nest in its great arms so true,
And carol their love to high heaven's blue.

They weave sweetest melodies in their wee home,
Teach the dear nestlings to try all alone
The power of their wings, in branches of green
Of this King of the forest, that really seems
So royally proud to be anchored in sod
Of old Mother Earth; arms extending to God.
Ever proud to remember the sweet long ago
When, 'neath its branches, soft whispering low
Lovers strayed, e'en as now. Their secrets all true,
This dear old tree garnered. Full well he knew
The happiest moments of summering love
Are all too soon vanished. How grandly he proves
Though battered and worn, he still feels no pain,
But stands calm and serene through sunshine and rain.

And silently, proudly, absorbs from the Good,
Such deific power, that it is food

For rhythm of love, as I clasp in my arms
Its rugged old trunk; knowing no harm
Can touch me while lingering near
Such a grand old defender.

Ah! close to my ear
A voice from the **silence!** How the wind breathes
Through the soft, gently swaying, branches and leaves;
As plainly I hear these words whispered low,
“Dear heart, come up higher;
How **well** thou dost **know.**”

* * * *

My soul melts into the Great Oversoul, into the Heart
of the Infinite; “I am one with the Father.” On this
basis, I meet and commune with the illumined, both in
the seen and the unseen. On this ground I have all Wis-
dom, and behold all things in perfection; hearing all glo-
rious Truths, and am, consciously, one with the Eternal
Beauty, Harmony, and Peace, of the Universe.

* * * *

Into the Light of Spirit

The many wonderful, and what some would call miraculous demonstrations, which are taking place daily and hourly among the advanced thinkers and workers along metaphysical and higher thought lines of to-day, prove—without cavil or doubt—the efficacy of the Truth, as taught by Jesus Christ. It certainly applies **now** to any and all conditions, as it did in the days when He walked the earth among the children of men.

Jesus always worked in the light of the Spirit, never recognizing any other presence, never acknowledging darkness and ignorance as having any power whatever. His promise was: “The things I do, ye may do also, and even greater.” But how? “If ye abide in me,” in the Christ, the Truth Consciousness. In this abiding state, I find there is a dawning within my soul that far transcends the brightest sunrise that ever broke on Mountain top and emerald green of Mother Earth.

The grand illumination of sky, refreshing odor of field and flowers, mingled with the cool invigorating breeze, the melody of bird-notes, as they burst forth in glad song of praise, on some rare morning in June, is as faintest odor of fragrant flowers in comparison with the greater, more sublimely grand, dawn of heaven within my inmost being. The earth seems taken up into a different atmosphere; the inhabitants thereof, whether of a high or low state of unfoldment, show forth to my earnest seeking, only the Divine.

The untrue, the false of each and every one, is as vapory mist, which **one** ray of love-light from the God center within any soul, knowing its ONENESS with the Infinite, may instantly dispel. The mountains of crime and ignorance disappear, as written above them in flaming words of love, I behold—"Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." All sickness, sorrow and belief in death vanish, as in tenderness and faith, I read in the clear sky of this beautiful dawn, "It is the spirit that quickeneth. The flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life." Again—"I come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." All envy, hatred and jealousy melt away and lo! one great unending chain of faith and love appears as over such seeming conditions, I see plainly written, "God is Love." All apartness one from another dissolves in the warmth and fervor of the words written in purest gold, "My Father and Your Father; My God and Your God."

All lust and sensuality fade and fall from sight, and in their stead I see—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." All care and anxiety are obliterated in this illumination, and I behold the blessed promise, applicable to the here and now, "He shall wipe away all tears."

Bigotry and self-adulation pale before the words, "I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works."

Condemnation of either neighbor or self is annihilated with "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" again, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." All

fear and trembling are brushed away with the command, "Fear not."

Why have not we in all these ages past been growing more and more into this oneness of the Universal Whole; this oneness with the Father that Jesus taught, that portrays so much of peace and power; such a glorious dawning to, and within, the soul of everyone.

It is now time to question the soul, time to let the light of the Spirit illumine the within. Ask yourself—Where do I stand in this rapturous dawn? Let the answer be—In the very heart of it. Each and every one a perfect center, as was, and is, Jesus Christ, our Great Teacher.

A new dawn is breaking. Let each view its glories. It is not for a chosen few, as has been the thought for so long a period of time, but it is for **all**.

This Allness in Oneness will show forth the intense beauty, the never changing glory of the new dawn, in which you and I are standing, if we but **will**. None can ever tell another of this infinite realm of peace and power that opens up within the soul, until they, too, have consciously put themselves in harmony with the Father, the Infinite. Nothing so intensifies the sublimity and the awakening within the Soul as claiming and knowing, as did our elder Brother, our oneness with the Universal Harmony. Our complete abandonment to the One Spirit which is all and in all. The new dawn means to each soul awakened, "a new heaven and a new earth, for behold! old things have passed away, and all things have become new," and limitless power is established unto us. The earth is taken up into the radiance of His countenance, into the Light of the Spirit.

Gentle, quiet, peaceful conditions of mind, ever realizing that the breath of God is quickening and holding in perfect rhythmic vibrations the entire being, without struggle or effort, trusting, loving, believing and never swerving from the gentle touch of the One Power, the Father, will melt away every negative and untrue condition; no matter how aggressive it may seem. This is the abiding Christ consciousness that we must all unfold to, before we can come into this illumination. When we are poised in this state of child-like trust and faith, we may "ask whatsoever we will, and it shall be done unto us."

Infinite power comes through this open channel, and the eager straining for results, and the wondering "whys" are lost sight of; the Spirit of Light brings out the true manifestor of freedom and peace.

"If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." So shall we be known, and so shall we revel in the illumination of the Spirit. We must ask in faith, knowing that we have received; in other words, the God power, the Spiritual, is all that we really are, and a recognition of body, soul and spirit, as one, will do the work and will let in the flood-tides of light.

This sort of receptivity is not holding out empty hands that they may be filled. It is a recognition of that Divine Substance which is above, below, within and without. And such an acknowledgement of the ever present power, puts the seeker in perfect harmony and perfect co-operation with the Divine; while a never-varying real-

ization, makes it possible to do the things which the Christ did while on earth. Let every soul recognize the fact that there is the possibility of becoming so at **one** with this Wisdom, this Divine All, that the illumination which fills the seeking soul may so flood all the avenues of life, not only from one stand-point, but from all, that the entire being may radiate an absolute light that will positively shine out through the face, and the entire body, permeating the daily surroundings, emanating an aura of such wonderful glow that every one will perceive it. The more dense will exclaim—"I always love to be with such an one because of his good cheer." Another will say, "Such an one inspires great confidence. I am sure I can trust him," and so on; while a more developed soul will exclaim from the depths of his being, "Behold the beloved of the Lord! A glorious soul, One in tune with the Infinite and radiating the light thereof!" And this one, so filled with illumination, is unconsciously sending out rays of spiritual light that are vibrating throughout the Universe; Even as Christ said, "I am the light of the world." So may this illumined soul know, **I** am the light of the world. This light that permeates the bodily consciousness is far-reaching, searching out every tiny cell and atom, shining with accurate and effulgent God-illumination, so powerful and pure that health is established in the bodily consciousness; whereas, before opening the self to this Divine Light, the body may have been submerged in darkness and gloom, and out-picturing as illness and disease in many ways.

These false conditions can not stand when the mind opens itself to the Divine Light, which only awaits rec-

ognition from the individual, with a willingness and desire to co-operate with It.

The Father never takes an aggressive stand with his Children, but is Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient. The seeker may, if he chooses, accept of the rich legacy, the charming fullness of all that is good and beautiful, pure and true, with all power in heaven and earth added. He may walk in the light of the Spirit, in the seen and in the unseen. He may never know darkness, by day or by night; and this may be taken literally, and practically put in use whenever and wherever needed, provided the recipient of the Father's bounty be true to the Highest he knows, and is seeking earnestly and continuously. There is no stagnation in the eternal on-going. There is a constant flowing stream of light, direct from the Fountain Head, the Father, the indwelling One, working in and through every soul that wills to let it be so. Sooner or later, every soul will so desire and decree, as there is no hiding from this ever-searching light of Divine Love and Intelligence which radiates throughout the Universe. It only rests with the individual to say when and where the unfoldment shall come to him or her.

There is only one true way of reaching this illumination. That is through following the teachings of Jesus.

Enter through the door of Love, UNIVERSAL LOVE. This great and all-absorbing love creates a life of cheer and brightness, of brilliant, glowing, lights, that set themselves in the firmament of the seekers, like faithful sentinels, pointing out the true path leading to the desired Goal.

* * * *

Higher and Higher, O, my soul, until the Master's knowledge of Truth, His concept of Love, be thine.

Peace, Peace, O, my soul, until the melodies of Heaven, the music of the spheres shall play upon thy harp-strings. Be thou so deep and wide in the Father that thou shalt fill endless space with the magnitude of thy Love.

Shine forth, O, my soul, an eternal **sun** of God; penetrating the gloom of untruth. Naught shall bedim thy radiance. Naught can stand in the shadow, where thou dost choose to shine. Thou mayst drink deep, deep from the Fountain of Life, for thy Father willeth it so.

* * * *

Earth's Magnets

Cling close to Mother Earth.
Deep studded with rare jewels;
Love, kiss, caress her.
She gives to each from birth
The Life that is of God. That which lies within
Her sombre depths, blossoming into richest tints,
And fairy forms upon her face.
She woos thee to her bosom
'Neath the pine-tree's shade
 On mountain side and glade.
She stretches out her carpets rare,
Of leafy mould and fern-clad dales
And bids thee rest, abide in peace
With all the Universe of God,
And list her wondrous tales
Of love. She softly radiates the warmth
 That fills thy soul with Joy;
The sunshine deep within her being drinks,
And gives it forth
In every form of growth.
She never shrinks from filling full
The cup of Life to all
Who touch her in **true** love.

'Tis she, old Mother Earth,
That cradles love in every form;
Who woos the songsters of the wood,
Puts forth in beauty, life and food.



"She woos thee to her bosom,
'Neath the pine-tree's shade."

'Tis she makes glad the heart of man,
Unfolds the Great Eternal plan.
Of Nature's peace and truth.

She hugs the seed
Close to her soul, feeding its every need.
Then, when the Springtime breathes, "I'm here,"
She sends them forth in goodly cheer
To do sweet Nature's will.

Lie close to Mother Earth.
Her magnets are of God;
She only draws thee to her breast
That she may give thee pause
For greater strength, then sends thee forth refreshed
And true, to bide the harvest-time of God.
She breathes within thy soul of Peace,
While softly overhead, the wind
Sings sweetly through the listening pine
Of blest release from sterner things
That know not God.

She whispers low in rustling leaves,
Wafting thee perfume on the breeze
Of heaven. She opens wide the songsters throat
In joy, that through thy soul may float
The notes of praise
Due the Creator of the ALL.
She counts not time, nor nights, nor days,
Drinks deep of sunshine, and of rain
That she for all may greater glory gain.

Her spirit is of God,
And limitless her grandeur. 'Neath her sod

Lies untold power.
The greater life that ne'er is seen
By mortal man; but he that once illumined is
May strike the inner chord, and bliss is his.
The Fountain-head, the Source, is always from within;
Whose depths are infinite and pure.
While he who trusts is always sure
 To reach the heights of God.
Press close to Mother Earth,
For she may teach thee truths unknown
As in her arms you lie.
She lulls to rest, and peace divine,
Teaches thy soul of truths sublime
 That last for Aye and Aye.

* * * *

A Voice From Spirit Realm

“As lingers the sun lovingly in the western horizon, so do **we** tarry in the presence of you whom we love so well. As glints the sun through the rain-clouds, hanging high, hanging low, so through life’s shadows gleams the constant piercing stream of love, flowing from our hearts to **yours**. Dwell high, oh children of earth; One, even God is your Source. Abide in affirmations and realizations, strong and pure; in righteous judgment. Never resist the spirit. Flowing from the Fountain Head through you is the Eternal Stream of Infinite Love and **ALL INTELLIGENT LIFE**. Take possession of your birth-right.”

* * * *

Thou art an inspiration of the Most High. Abiding within thee is the soul of the Universe. **THOU ART THAT SOUL.**

* * * *

Every moment, **THIS** moment, is the **ONE SUPREME** moment of my life.

* * * *

An Appeal From the Body

Our physical organisms look to us for love and appreciation; and what do they receive? Do we say to them as we would to a child who is eagerly craving our approval: "You are progressing wonderfully. You are simply perfect. Great talent and power is now yours. Already I see the world at your feet; All must recognize your superiority;" and so, on and on, until the child is looked upon by all as something far beyond the fondest hopes of the most sanguine parent mind.

Art, wisdom, power and beauty is thus unfolded and externalized, and the world is blessed thereby, the child becoming a power to move thousands into a higher conception of the beautiful and the true. Thus should we praise, love and unfold perfection in our bodies.

On the other hand, how quickly you can crush soul growth by closing the channels with condemnation. Note the stunted life, the dwarfed expression of **this** child. **So** it is with our **bodies**. If we arise in the morning with thoughts and words of condemnation in our hearts, on our lips for these beautiful bodies that God has given us to be fit tabernacles for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, is it any wonder that the channels close, and ills, pains and distortion manifest. For, have not we, who function the **mind**, so condemned them to be? We have turned the power against their true manifestation. Every cell and every atom looks with eyes of consciousness into our

very heart of hearts, for appreciation and love; and we should send home to these life-centers, thoughts and words of truth and praise, thus satisfying these hungry calls for righteous judgment.

To the friendly inquiry, "How are you feeling this morning"? We should never claim illness in any form. Such crushing condemnation forces the tiny work-shops to close their doors, and shrink from even a trial to perform their duties. For, right here, is not the master mind abusing the tiny cells of consciousness, so longing to be loved and appreciated; to be upheld, or even allowed freedom to do its own beautiful work? Just think how we dominate and control these cells, these atoms, by the power of our minds, our words, which should every one of them, be likened unto the Christ's, being words of Spirit and Life. How tenderly and lovingly we should deal with these beautiful God-given tabernacles, which are but pure spirit, being the creation of Spirit.

Then let love and appreciation feed and nourish and upbuild, that the body may be glorified with the Spirit. Thus all the power of Christ, the Truth, in heaven and on earth, may be used by the children of Infinite Life as is intended to be demonstrated by the teachings of Jesus, who was, and is, "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

* * * *

God Beholds God

Your spiritual perception of my soul, my true self, makes me to you, beautiful beyond description. In other words, the God within you looks into the God of me, and beholds the true body, the spiritual body out-picturing in the external, which is formed by the aspirations and noble purposes of the true self.

This seeing each other with the Christ consciousness brings into manifestation the absolute perfection, expressing as health, beauty, life and abundant supply.

* * * *

Melody

All Nature sings to me.
I laugh in wildest glee,
Calling, "I'm free! I'm free!"
As Nature sings to me.

The sparkling drops of dew
Are for me as well as you.
There are diamonds, not a few,
In these dancing worlds of dew.

The notes of wild birds sweet,
The blossoms at my feet,
As I rest in my retreat
Whisper where I **love** may meet.

Every soul must find its own
Place of peace, its bed of down.
Into every life there's blown,
Sweetest fragrance; **this alone.**

* * * *

I live in the **Eternal Now**. There is no death. Let
ages come and go, and be forgotten, still I live on and
on; Thus beholding the length and breadth, the heights
and depths of Life, of God, of That which I **am**.

Endless Life, and as limitless to **me** as is my knowl-

edge of the Almighty Source. I being One with the Universal Intelligent Energy that eternally **is**, may, as my consciousness awakens to the understanding thereof, become Master of every condition; of my **own** manifestation in the flesh, thereby being enabled to live in harmonious vibrations of health, peace and success.

* * * *

Treasures of the Deep

We know that in the unfathomable and un-explored depths of the ocean, lie treasures of untold wealth, and to the un-inquiring, the un-interested seeker, these glories will ever remain un-discovered.

While to the seeking one, the very sea will give up its richest treasures. So we, if we search, probe to the heart of the Infinite in our seeking, shall unfold wondrous truths. Whereas, if we be ever content to play back and forth on the shores of time, like children, we shall only gather the more trivial things that are washed to our feet; cast up by the ebb and flow of the tide. The greater truths, the richer treasures, demand more concentrated effort and thought, more constant seeking.

* * * *

I am as timeless as Eternity, as boundless as Infinite Space, as tireless as Eternal Energy, and as limitless as Spirit is limitless.

* * * *

The Questionist

E'er dost thou delve in soul lore; questioning still
The Great Creator's ways, the Eternal Will.
Tumultuous, doth roll in tossing waves, thy searching
mind.

Again, at times, such wondrous calm steals o'er thee,
thou dost find

Most heavenly peace; e'en dost thou cease
To hear the beating of thy heart;
Exalted is thy soul.

Very near the **Goal** thou art.

Let thou the mighty conflict that within thee now doth
rage,

Prove to thy soul thou art a sage.

The seething rushing fire of deep unrest

Awakens thee to moments far more blest

Than if thou wert content to lie inactive, satisfied

With Life's mere nothings. Souls ne'er tried

Are ever loitering on the stagnant streams

Of satisfied illusions. Naught but dreams

Feed their mad fleeting fancies; but the Goal

Of Wisdom's call, lies deep within the soul;

And urges on and on to heights still un-attained.

And ne'er is stilled until the One that's named

Encircles All; fanning the tireless flame

Of God as **Love**, into a quenchless name,

As writ above.

* * * *

A Self-Treatment

Every cell of my being is now absorbing the infinite revelations of the Universal Harmony. This Life-exalting stream flowing through the avenues of my being, floods me with new life, thrilling every fibre into newness and perfection of activity.

Thus, while reveling and bathing in this flood of Omnipresence, the very air about me seems permeated with a Divine undertone of melody, the import of which voices the command, "Yield! Yield thee to the spirit!"

* * * *

Forgive me, Soul of Man, that I have ever spoken one word or radiated one thought that has ever been detrimental in **any** way to the unfoldment of the Highest for every being in the Universe.

* * * *

The great Harmonious Activity of the Universe is the established law of my mentality, my body, my being.

* * * *

Harmony is the established order, the never-changing law of the Universe; hence Intelligent Power is Eternally Present.

* * * *

Thy Faith Hath Made Thee Whole

One beautiful September night, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Two, on retiring, I meditated that "during the quiet hours of the night there shall be revealed to me a greater understanding of spiritual law, a knowledge coming direct from the depths of the Universal Intelligence. I fearlessly claim my oneness with the Father, and expectantly await the revelations therefrom." I sank into sweet sleep from which I was awakened about four o'clock by a slight commotion on the street.

Throwing myself back on the pillow, inbreathing, "I am the temple of the living God," out breathing, "The spirit of God dwelleth in me," I found myself in a foreign country among people speaking the Spanish tongue. The scenery under the tones of indwelling light which radiated in and through all, was exquisitely beautiful and impressive.

In the distance, purple mountains fringed the horizon. The nearer country was rolling, broken by ravines, dancing waters and woodlands which skirted picturesque fields, dotted here and there with fairy-like homes, and countless flowers in bloom. At my feet lay a field of grain-stubble, golden in color, and like velvet to tread upon.

Two women accompanied me, one of whom I instantly recognized as an old friend; the other, dark, and of strictly Spanish type, although thoroughly conversant with the English language.

For some distance we walked over this wonderful carpet of gold, spread by the invisible hand of the Almighty, admiring its loveliness. Suddenly a turn over the brow of a hill brought us upon a field of waving green of unusual beauty. Asking of our guide, for such she seemed to be, what was the nature of this strangely attractive growth, the reply was "This plant is peculiarly adapted to this climate. Those who revel in this wealth of waving green, with its strange, yet beautifully formed leaves, kissing and caressing the rare soft petals of the snow-white blossoms, springing therefrom, unfold like magic in spiritual power."

Immediately we sank down in the cool bed of green, with its snowy blossoms and rare fragrance. Our guide continued "And from within their own souls create that which they have need of provided they will use the gifts given them. Some create that which unfolds into more abundant life. Others create unto themselves Infinite Love, so that they arise from this land resplendent with light. All depends upon the sincerity in which they accept of the gift and follow in the lead of the still small voice which guides."

As she ceased speaking there formed on the tip of my tongue, something that tasted like the sweetest and rarest of spices. I took from my lips three tiny wafers, looking inquiringly at the guide. Smilingly she said, "You are favored beyond many who rest in this glorious land. If you would be illumined beyond your fondest hopes, if you would know of Love Divine in which all fear is lost and all love is raised to the standard of, and merged in the Christ-love, eat of those wafers that are the creation of your own soul's desire, and evermore you

will know illumination that shall spiritualize to your consciousness all that which you now look upon as materiality. The New Kingdom will consciously become established within. Old conditions and beliefs will pass away. Those are the wafers of Infinite Love, the rarest gift of God to man."

Eagerly I laid them on my tongue, and as they slowly dissolved, gave myself up to the rapidly all-absorbing Spirit of Peace. A delicious sensation of buoyancy consumed all bodily consciousness. Harmony reigned supreme. Gently, rapidly, I was borne upward. Glancing back at my companions, they looked like tiny specks in the bed of green. I floated either in the heights of heaven's blue, or near to earth as desired; caressingly touching the uppermost branches of the tree-tops, again levitating myself until earth looked a miniature landscape below.

Drifting near earth, I chanced upon a home as beautiful as a dream, nestled amid the pines on the mountain side. Eagerly I sought to glimpse its occupants. My pleasure knew no bounds at the sight of an old friend who sought with her most persuasive powers to dissuade me from my journey. I hastened to assure her that I had frequently taken these flights; always returning safely, and passed on. However, I bethought myself hereafter to keep a safe distance from earth magnets.

On and on, higher and higher, I floated, the most delicious sensation of safety, fearlessness and freedom pervading my being. Glimpsing mountain tops, valleys reveling in splendor, tossing rivers and spray-like falls, all bathed in rays of golden light.

One exceedingly beautiful valley lay softly nestled among the mountains, trickling down whose ravines, and through its depths of green, crept a tiny glowing stream of clear water. Over this scene shone a large circle of brilliant lights, growing continually brighter.

Eagerly I sought the import of this circle of light so graciously shedding its rays on the peaceful scene below. The still small voice whispered "Thus doth the Father lighten the valleys of earth-life for those of his children who seek to know the Truth. Onward! thy path lays before thee."

I obeyed the command, only to find myself moving out over a vast expanse of water. For an instant a flash of fear crept over me and immediately I found myself rapidly descending. I cried aloud, "I am **fearless**. Infinite Love enfolds me", and mounting higher in this realm of thought, boldly floated out over the deep blue, leaving in the distance an enchanting little city on the water's edge, surrounded by lovely forests and entrancing fields of bloom.

The waters were calm and deeply blue. A sense of supreme joy filled my consciousness. Presently I sighted a beautiful island. Stately it arose in abrupt mountain peaks from out the dark blue bed of water.

I asked myself "What if this spirit power carries me out over mid-ocean, away from all habitations of man, and no opportunity of touching land?" With a tremor of fear I longingly glanced at the heights of the island, and again oceanward. The still small voice whispered, "Upward and onward. Have **faith**." Fearlessly I turned from this little haven of rest on earth, and mounting

higher, was borne out for miles and miles over this seemingly limitless body of water; now growing turbulent and grand as it was swept into a fury by a strong wind; the white-caps lashed into a foam of resplendent beauty against the dark blue background.

Fearlessly on and on I moved I knew not whither, guided by an unseen power that met with no opposition from my will. I was consciously at one with the Infinite Love which proved my safe-guard against all conditions.

Finally the wind veered, blowing against me, beating me from side to side. I drew from my robe a silken sail and unfurled it to help in my endeavors to go, as the spirit directed. Instantly the still small voice whispered, "Sail easily with the breeze into a haven of safety. Struggle not. Thou hast been tempted and tried. Thy faith hath made thee whole," and turning about I was borne peacefully and safely to shore, and tenderly placed on terra firma, amid flowers of exquisite loveliness and fragrance, only to hear again—"Thy Faith hath made thee whole."

* * * *

Christmas Greetings

The Alleluias angels sing on this glad day
Have echoed in thy soul, and caroled their glad lay
In melody as of joyous streams

All through thy dreams.

The sunshine of thy life the Christ hath wrought,
And from the depth of his great love hath brought
Unto thy soul, its glorious beams.

For thou art poised above the din.

Above earth's ignorance, thou art walking in

The ALL Pervading Good.

Nourished art thou with heavenly food.

The Christ is born within thy soul

On this great day,

While Christmas bells sound clear their round-e-lay
Of Heaven's Harmony, and All Sustaining Good.

* * * *

Affirmations

I am Universal Love. I am Universal Life. I am Infinite Wisdom. The Universe is my abiding place. I nestle in the very heart of ALL LIFE.

* * * *

I need not seek hither and yon for love, for life or resting place, if I will but accept the throne that is offered me in the very heart of All Life. How glorious are the appeals of all life to the God life, throbbing within my inmost being. How the perfume of the rose entrances! The rustling of the leaves in the soft wind enchants and lulls me to peace and rest. What a thrill of delight electrifies me as I hear in distinct tones the voices of loved ones, both in the seen and the unseen, speaking their blessed words of love and re-assurance.

Especially does the God within respond to the voices from the spirit world, coming from those we have always thought of as dwelling in far distant realms, only attainable after the change called death. This realm we may reach here and now, through the power of love and purity of thought and purpose.

The spirit of Love controls all: and all power is given us as we awaken to this knowledge.

* * * *

Through calmness, peace and self-poise, thou shalt
achieve greatness, that which is knowledge of God.

* * * *

To C—:

Great infinite soul, launched on the ocean of limitless
love, bound for the haven of God indwelling.

* * * *

Song of the Soul Set Free

To L—

Wrought I in words, but half the heavenly wonders
Of thy soul, so plainly visible to me;
I could foretell such dreams of loveliness,
Thy heart would shrink in fear that I might wandering be
From paths of truth. Thou dost foresee
The shadowing of the spirit-realm
And feel thy hand in mine,
As on we press to scenes of loveliness.
Could I but **speak** thee, "turn about
And look within, where gleaming lights of heaven do
shine,
Where roses bloom eternal, and their fragrance sweet
Is but thy breath divine;"
Thou'dst stand in blank amazement, dear,
And soft exclaim—"Not here! not here!
But in another thou mayst find
These radiant lights, the scenes sublime."

But I must tell it thee
As, since my language is of heaven,
In heaven's own tongue. Enquiringly,
I search earth-tablets o'er
For pages clean and white on which to pour
Heaven's melodies, the rapt devotion of my soul
For **that** I now behold in **thee**.
On earth there seemed but **one**, and **thou that one**.
Now see I clearly, as Eternity

Divulges its sweet secrets, treasures wisely hidden
In those we love; else would we be forbidden
To revel in each other's cheer,
Lest we forget that standing near
Us in life's pathway, some lone soul
Sought long for love;
And we in coldness point him to the realms above;
Forgetting heaven's throne established deep within
The Universal soul of man.

As earth's mad din sinks in oblivion
And the soul doth rise
And touch exalted heights, thrilled with surprise,
It looks abroad o'er endless space,
Then, turning, seeks the loving face
On earth to him most dear.
Seeing through spirit eyes, he now discerns
The holy Christed One. Oh, how he yearns
To open wide the gates of love,
His being now doth fill,
To breathe into that other soul, in rippling rills
Of ecstasy, affection's sacred flame of untold wealth;
Untouched by earth's dark shadows, oblivious of self.
Know thou, loved one, the language of the soul
Is ne'er expressed in words;
But flows in waves of harmony like rapturous songs of
birds.
And soul melts into soul, like sunbeams from the sun
Linked in the endless chain of Love;
The Infinite, Eternal One.

* * * *

Know Thyself

Arise in the majesty of thine own God-power, and assert thyself as free from all influences that would submerge thy individuality. Let thy soul gleam forth like a mighty meteor which flashes athwart the sky, and go forth to conquer in God.

There is no power that can draw thee aside. Thou art beyond the touch of those who would hamper thee, and through selfish love absorb thee. Feel not impatience, neither sorrow, but gird on the armour of Truth, of fearlessness, and take for thy motto, "God is Love universal." Step out into the arena of wisdom and show forth **that** which thou **art**, an individualized soul, majestically poised in God.

Feel not annoyance at or toward those who would hamper thee, through their great self love, but rather be thou ruler of the domain within thine own soul. Thou canst become so cognizant of thy foundation in Truth that thou canst only be seen and touched by those not so far advanced as thou, at thine own will; and as did Jesus in his great compassion, so wilt thou reach out and draw all men up unto thine **own** God standard.

Thou mayst ever press upward and onward, so filled with Divine Love and Wisdom that thou canst reach forth, and with thy great knowledge release those in bondage to seeming ills, and bound by self-aggrandizement.

Let the rippling streams of life and health and youth effervesce and overflow within thee. Condemn not. Remember that **All Life is One**. Stand on thy feet, with this eternal truth flowing through thee, "God's will be done in me. And there is none other than God's will than can move me."

* * * *

Take every chance to do a good turn, either for another or for yourself, and as "one good turn deserves another," the golden opportunities of giving forth blessings will pour in on you. Thus in giving freely, you as fully and freely receive.

* * * *

Love

In the still hours of the night
There come to me such strains of melody,
Such waves of fancy's flight,
I needs must write and tell of **Love**,
That floating down through ether light,
Submerges me
In clouds of white and purity.
Unfolds to me a something rare, beyond compare.
Leads me in paths of peace serene.
Thrills, e'en floods, my soul within
When lo! the Christ is seen.

* * * *

Discernment

There are thousands of mighty minds on earth today through which the Wisdom of Infinite Intelligence is being voiced. Their inspiration is of the Highest. Their interpretation of spiritual questions clear, neither lacking in truth or reason.

You ask, "How are we to know when we come in touch with these great minds?" The God within **you** will respond and acknowledge ITS OWN; no matter by **whom** presented.

Your own intuition, truth innate as wisdom will guide you as to whether or no their teachings mean to you the next stepping-stone in your own soul's unfoldment. If they do not appeal to you, you must needs wait until you perceive spiritually the true foundation upon which to plant your feet.

* * * *

Regrets make losses in the future.

* * * *

God's love illumines the **soul**.

* * * *

The nectar of the Gods is the wine pressed from the
fruits of human kindness.

* * * *

Solitude

It is good for thee to be alone, for in thy solitude thou canst reach to heights before unattained. Thou canst thwart every incoming thought of ill, and mount on eagle-wings into the Great Infinity of thy soul's limitless grandeur.

Thou canst find pathways before un-opened to thy searching mind and stray at leisure in avenues of shining glory and peace, which in their very seclusion seem created for thee alone.

Thou canst behold the undying beauty of Heaven's blossoms that bend beneath thy soft tread, only to lift their heads in renewed strength and perfection for having contacted thy loving touch.

Thou mayst hear the warblings of the sweet songsters in thy heart, as happily thou dost unfold in this dear solitude thine own creative and Universal Power, as the rhythmic breath of Harmony pulsates throughout thy consciousness, enfolding all in its sacred depths. The Universal spirit, pervading thee, shall cause thee to lose sight of the "Mine and thine" of earth life, and thou shalt be born anew into **Oneness with the Father.**

* * * *

I Am in Thee

Why such un-rest, Canst thou not see
That I, thy God, am leading thee?
Canst thou not measure love so deep
 As mine? And trust, e'en sleep,
As in mine arms I cradle thee,
 Thou child of Immortality?
Thy soul doth crave the highest good,
Demanding ever heavenly food;
Still must thou trust, and let me lead,
For I am conscious of thy need.

Before thou callest, I am come
To bear thee to thy heavenly home,
The **haven** in thy **soul**. Let love
 All barriers and doubts remove.
Let roll the burdens off from thee;
Thou shalt be bathed in Life's great sea
Of Love Divine; submerging all.
Have faith. Fear not; there is no call
That I, thy Life, can fail to hear;
Thou art mine own, divinely dear;
And if at times I seem to be
A distance great apart from thee,
Know thou, that I am nearer far
 Than thine own heart. Then let the star
Of Christ gleam forth within thy soul
In golden sunlight thee enfold.

Whenever thou dost fail to see
Heaven's greater Lights, I send to thee,
Fear not that they have from thee turned;
Know thou, the beacon lights have burned
In heaven for thee since time began,
Since I have imaged forth in man.

And know, **thou** only hast the power
To cast thy God from Eden's bower.
Still ever more I watch and wait
For surely thou wilt ope the gate

To let me in, for true in time
Thou'lt recognize the bells that chime
Within thy soul. In tones
Deep fraught with love, thou'lt bid me come
To take my own; for thou shalt see
There's **only** God. **I Am in Thee.**

* * * *

Christmas

To L—

It is the birthday of our King.
Sweet bells of Heaven eternal ring
The glad new song; and all along
The pathway of thy life

These chimes have beckoned thee
To greater love, to realms where thou mightst see
The Christ, and join the awakened throng.

* * * *

“I am not more holy than thou.” God keep me in this one great thought toward all mankind. Let the sweet beneficent spirit of meekness and humility take possession of its own within me; that the inner sanctuary of my soul may be as pure as the golden rays of sunlight, and as penetrating and life-giving to all humanity.

Let me know the great “I AM”, so perfectly from within, that what I realize of Wisdom, Light and Truth within my own consciousness, I can as clearly and as cleanly realize for others who stand beside me in the pathway of life. Let the realization of the **oneness** of **all life** be of such clear concept that I may, by my very presence, prove a blessing to all that breathe the breath of life. The Christ within who is the very essence of humility and tenderness, breathes over all an atmos-

phere of love, and through all, the life-giving knowledge of ONENESS with the Father. Not for Himself and disciples alone, but for **all**; high and low, rich and poor, bond and free.

The knowledge of God indwelling, the Great I AM, the true self, knows no high and low, no rich and poor, no bond and free; knows only the great power of Itself, **equally omnipresent**. Knows full well the kingdom of untold wealth, latent within each and every heart, **only awaiting recognition**. Patiently awaiting the return of the Prodigal son to his Father's home. Never censuring or condemning, but holding ever in rich contemplation the great truth "I am that I am, and there is none other beside me." Knowing that as a child outgrows its toys, just so surely each and every soul will mount to the knowledge of its own supremacy, and just so surely find the Christ within, that whispers softly to its fellowman, "I am not more holy than thou."

* * * *

The play of the sunlight on the leaves,
Is something beyond compare.
As they softly sway and dance in the breeze
And glint in the perfumed air.

* * * *

A Realization

My life is like a placid lake, infinite in depths, as soundless as God. Far up in the mountain-heights of **Christ Consciousness**, abides this blessed and limitless reservoir of Divine Purity; **my** life, **your** life. Unruffled by aught save the blossoms and gleaming leaves that fall gently on its peaceful bosom, as if in sweetest caress, or the flutterings of bright bird-wings, as the cheery songsters dip in its shimmering waters of **love**. So still its limpid waters, thereon is reflected the mountain peaks and domes, at whose feet, contentedly it rests, reflecting within its fathomless depths, the wondrous beauties of the Highest; e'en to the blue vaults above, whose sparkling jewels mirror their scintillating lights within its bosom.

All life in its serenity, calmness, power and good, All majestic grandeur of forest and sky, reflect their infinite loveliness in this peaceful mirror, **My life, the One Life**.

This still and peaceful water, deeply and forever transparent, hath from within its depths an outlet that leads into all the waters of life, mingling and commingling, until the vast Universe of God, boundless and eternal, is but the **giving** and **receiving** of **Being**, which is **Life**, the MOST HIGH; which is ALL OF GOD.

* * * *

A Message of Love

In the silence with the beautiful thought, "Peace, be still," held firmly in my mind, all around me unfolded into a purely spiritual condition. Fleecy clouds floated before me. Heavenly scenes were pictured in their billowy depths. The perfume of roses filled the atmosphere; and soft tones of distant music stole in upon my consciousness.

Gradually the clouds parted, and there appeared in this opening a beautiful hand; thereon lay a Bible, opened as one could plainly see, to the New Testament.

As if in answer to the inquiry what the chapter might be, an audible voice sweetly said, "The Sermon on the Mount." Like a flash, before my eyes, appeared the face of my sainted Mother; and as instantly vanished. "Peace, be still," always her favorite words in hours of seeming ill, when manifesting on earth, had called us both into the same thought realm, or vibration, and in her heart-felt longing to lead me nearer the Christ teachings, she took this means of citing me anew to this blessed message of the Master.

* * * *

If I am dependent upon others for appreciation of great truths, that being unfolded in my mind, I put forth, then am I indeed miserable. If, on the other hand, I am

so conscious of these mighty truths within my own soul that I am, as Emerson says, "Pledged by it to sweetness of Peace," then indeed have I proved my oneness with the Great Oversoul, which nourishes me eternally, opening up to me the Joy of the Kingdom of Harmony Indwelling.

* * * *

When you affirm "I am tired. I am weak," you invite all the negative and untrue **seeming** forces abroad in the land to make a citadel within you. But when you proclaim the mighty Truth, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence," you link yourself to the Infinite Force of the Universe, in all calmness, strength, peace and wisdom, and naught can molest you.

The children of earth are their own creators of evil, unrest and failure. If you **will** by word of mouth and meditation of heart consciously claim your oneness with the **All Good**, and **abide** therein, you will in perfect peace possess your soul, stand at one with your own true self, your God, and ever shall you dwell in the green pastures, and bathe in the still waters of Life Eternal.

* * * *

Be Still

Struggle thou not with wind and tide,
But calmly trust God's will
Knowing where e'er thou art, he guides.
Christ whispers—"Peace be still."

"Be still and know that I am God"
So speaks the Mighty One
That rules the Universe in love,
That claims thee as his own.

He crowns thee "King," "Beloved son;"
Truth's vast domain is thine.
For thee are blessings full and free;
Thou art filled with light divine.

God leadeth thee in pleasant ways,
Bathes thee in floods of peace;
Maketh for thee the earth to bloom;
From ills, doth thee release.

E'en lights thy pathway to the sky
That overspreads each day;
Gives thee the secrets of his life,
Strews flowers on thy way.

And what hast thou to do for this
You ask? So let it be.

Do unto others as thou wouldst
That they should do to thee.

Love Good Supreme: and all mankind;
And from within unfold
The richer, greater, God-made man
Each day; and ne'er withhold

The wealth of wisdom given thee,
But let thy jewels shine;
Sending their gleaming rays of light
Through every land and clime.

* * * *

A Realization

You are a sweet-toned, divinely attuned instrument, adjusted to the harmonies of heaven whose breezes softly play throughout your being, giving forth the most melodious strains of music. Harmonies of Peace and Divine Love radiate eternally in the heavenly ether that enfolds you, vibrating in sweetest cadences. Each note of truth and love gathering power to entrance as it reverberates throughout the endless aeons of eternity. You breathe out over mankind that which vitalizes with newness of purpose and perfection of life and health. You are linked in the endless chain of love, of which Christ is the power.

* * * *

Activity of the soul: deep, aye sweet unrest; Wisdom the incentive, Love the tribunal, Heaven the goal; Here and Now the place and time.

* * * *

Sweet Mother: As the curtains of night fall around me, and the calm of a soul at rest in the Most High sweeps over me, my heart reaches out in heaven's best love to you. Only the Infinite can fathom the height and depth of a Mother's love.

* * * *

Jesus Christ Universal

As you gaze with adoration into the depths of the infinite beauty and sweetness of a freshly plucked rose, and inhale its delicious fragrance, your heart welling with love for this beautiful blossom, you are—unconsciously to yourself, perhaps—giving out equally to every flower of its kind, and to the entire family of bloom, the same adoration, love and appreciation, thereby giving each an individual touch from **your soul**. Thus you can see how Jesus Christ **is** universal, how his personal love and attention to the least of God's children, is not for that one alone, but is a personal benediction, a baptism of love and truth to every soul in the Universe who is open to receive these blessings.

So may the universe of souls receive at the **same** moment if they but **will**, the Christ message of love.

The spirit of Love is universal. So Jesus himself is universal, and may speak to millions of souls at the same moment. This consideration of the all loving presence of the Master makes it easy of comprehension to the most simple minded, some of whom can not fathom the universality of Jesus Christ.

* * * *

There are no yesterdays, and no to-morrow,
Neither are there of griefs thy soul can borrow.

Thy God is **all there is**; Transcendent Holiness!
He crowneth all thy days in dreams of bliss.
The everlasting **now** is thy abundant measure
Of **verities eternal**. Canst thou not count thy treasure
As far beyond the greatest sweep of intellect?
And awaken in the heart of God?
There, let thy soul reflect?

* * * *

Breast thou the wave of discontent. Ride bravely
over the breakers and command thou the tumultuous
undercurrent of thought, and **be thou Master**.

* * * *

Whether to laugh and be glad,
Or cry and be sad,
Is the question my soul longs to know.
For the song of the pines,
In the soft rustling winds,
In **both** strains, through my being doth flow.

* * * *

The Temple is the soul; the lights in the temple are
the thoughts. The radiation from these lights is the
carrying of the Christ message into all the world.

* * * *

The God within biddeth me to stand erect, as master of the whole, biddeth me to look aloft with eyes of Faith, born of knowledge, and thus behold that **first** of all, and **last** of all, LOVE is the radiant **One** that must needs rule the boundless Universe; for GOD is LOVE and LOVE is GOD.

* * * *

Linger thou in winding paths of light, subdued in tones, where softest tints mingle in love, and listen closely for the words of wisdom and purity that shall surely fall on thine inner ear.

* * * *

Being, is being individualized in God.

* * * *

What is That to Thee?

The sweeping of a room,
The dust o'er all you see,
Windows blurred with spot and speck,
What is all that to thee,
 Dear Heart,
It meaneth naught to thee.

Is it worth a groan, a sigh?
Doth it grieve thy soul that's free,
To behold these trivial ills?
What is all this to thee,
 Dear Heart,
Life holdeth much for thee.

Gently put it all aside.
Do what e'er you can, and flee
The ills and strife, the fears of life.
Let such things not claim thee.
 Dear Heart,
Cast error far from thee.

Fear is untrue, unworthy one
So grand, of such infinity.
Let go thy hold on earthly cares,
And only goodness see,
 Dear Heart,
This more becometh thee.

The dust and soil of earthly life
Look through. Let Love, the key,
Unlock the greater realms within;
Christ saith—"Follow thou me,"

Dear Heart,
"Arise and follow me."

So great is life, so grand is truth,
E'er sweeping on invisibly
This mighty current of God-love
It full enfoldeth thee,

Dear Heart,
It full enfoldeth thee.

The precious jewel that thou art
Is more than pearl of Sea;
It is as if a diamond pure
Flashed out from God to thee,

Dear Heart,
And streamed its light through thee,

To bless the race of weary ones
So longing to be free;
Hungering for knowledge, great and deep.
They may be fed through thee,

Dear Heart,
They may receive through thee.

Open thine eyes. Take clearer view
Of Heavenly things that be.
Let thou God's sunshine flood thy soul

Be noble, fearless, free,
 Dear Heart,
Be joyous, loving, free.

Drink in the beauty of each day.
Place naught twixt God and thee.
Ope wide the portals of thy soul,
And Christ will sup with thee,
 Dear Heart,
Yes, he will sup with thee.

There's glowing love in every ray
Of sunshine, sent in memory
Of Him who blesses longing hearts,
Fills them with light and ecstasy,
 Dear Heart,
What Christ is, thou mayst be.

The thrilling song of happy bird
That lightly flits from tree to tree,
Is joy, the essence all divine,
That bubbles forth in thee,
 Dear Heart,
That glows and beams in thee.

Then smile away the dust and care
That seems to cling to thee,
And rise above on wings of light
The Father lifteth thee,
 Dear Heart,
To realms thou longest to see.

* * * *

Emerge from the darkness and tangle of material things and assert thine authority; speaking into manifestation that which abideth eternally and changelessly in the realm of the Most High. Let thy struggling cease, thou child of spirit. Unlimited art thou in thy expression of Deity "Follow thou me."

* * * *

Purity

“The Father is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity.” The Infinite is so pure, so absolutely perfect, that it is an impossibility for this all-pervading Mind, this great Universal Force, this unlimited Love Presence, to have the slightest conception of anything outside the Divine, which **It** is.

Could we but realize this great truth, this knowledge of the ALLNESS of GOOD, we should be able to heal the nations of the earth of all disease.

Could we but look with the eyes of the Universal Intelligence, we would never behold an imperfection in any of God’s creation; never in our fellowmen, see aught save the divine, within and without.

* * * *

Thou that knowest thyself one with the Infinite, how glorious is thy peace, how radiant thy presence, how calm and poised in unchanging bliss. Unmoved art thou by aught that chances in thy way, untouched by any mind, save the Divine.

* * * *

The activities of God are ever pressing on to righteous fulfillment.

* * * *

Desire Answered

Let me stand on the mountain top of thy glory, O, Love Divine! Bathed ever in the ineffable sweetness of the Christ presence. Infinite Spirit of Truth, I **do** desire to see into the great Spirit World of Light; to walk the halls of Wisdom, and commune with the great minds.

I desire to dwell consciously in the Christ presence. "You will"; was breathed upon my lips. Immediately I beheld an orchard of leafless trees. The ground was thoroughly mulched, and covered deep with bright yellow straw. I said aloud, "This is symbolical of the preparation of the mind for the harvest time; the preparation of the soil, the enriching thereof, that the spring and summer may bring forth an abundant harvest of fruit. "Yes," was whispered distinctly in my ear, and the vision passed.

* * * *

Good thoughts are sweetest perfumes flowing through the soul.

* * * *

Early in the morning of March 15th, Nineteen Hundred and Six, before I had arisen for the day, distinctly

I heard the words—"Great and Mighty Truths, falling from thy pen like crystal drops of dew, shall refresh the earth consciousness."

* * * *

EROS, great and powerful, strong as the mountain-tops, sweet as the zephyrs of Heaven, folded in the loving embrace of All that is Universal.

* * * *

My Love

To M—

As graceful as the swaying trees,
Gentle as the singing breeze;
As sparkling as the sunbeam's glance,
Refreshing, rippling as the dance
Of mountain stream, as down the glens
Its silvery, thread-like way it wends.
Enranced, I gaze into thine eyes;
As blue are they as azure skies.
Thy lips like dewy blossoms sweet,
Tempt me to revel at thy feet,
In adoration of the **One**
Encircling **all**. From sun to sun,
My soul doth rise
To view God's glory in thine eyes.

Thy hands are like the blossoms white;
Which, touching, mine thrill with delight.
Thy breath is fragrance of the rose.
Thy brow as pure as falling snows.
Thy hair in sunny waves of gold
Shines in my heart, and casts the mould
In which my life doth sweetly flow.

Thy honied words and voice so low
Bright angels win, and earth souls cheer.
Thou art the link that draws them near

The Christ, that fills each heart with Joy.
Thou art the gem without alloy.
Thou art the sunshine and the sun;
The radiant, Universal One.
Yea, e'en the night, and e'en the day;
To me, the Great Eternal Way.
Thou art the power from above.
Thou art my **God**, for thou art **Love**.

* * * *

Oneness

“The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.” And He it is that I am, and because “I am, that I am,” and the Father is, that I am, there is none other beside me. Hence, I am Wisdom, Power, Love, Peace, and Happiness; and all the sweetness and splendor of the Kingdom of Heaven is within me, for the FATHER AND I ARE ONE.

* * * *

Revelations! Thou callest evermore for revelations. Thy hungering soul is ever reaching out in wild unrest to know the ALL. Thou climbest to the Mountain Heights, and on, beyond, thy spirit beckons thee, “Make Haste!” Thy eager soul is fed from eyes far-reaching and ever-searching.

Sweeping the God-painted horizon, thou beholdest Mountain peaks from each of which when thou hast reached the summit, the scene doth change, causing thee to scan the **Why** and **Wherefore** of God’s handiwork, from still another point of view; while grand old pines stand out in bold relief, as sentinels of God, and signal thee to heights yet towering from above, and from which thou mayst scan the ALL. From where thou standest now, the fleecy clouds do mingle with the mountain tops

and scarce canst thou tell where earth begins, or summer clouds do cease to be; the lights and shadows blend so softly.

Sweeping far down to the gorge that lies beneath thy feet, thou dost behold the inky blackness of the depths, and yet, thou fearest not to mount to greater pinnacles of height.

Thou wouldst look not down, but ever soaring upward art thou, like unto the eagle in his flight. And it is well. Turn only thy gaze downward when thou dost hear a call for help, and straightway **do** God's bidding; then with stronger pinions, wing thy way onward and upward unto eternities boundless heights.

Ever shall thy soul take on more strength of action, be more sweeping in its Universal Power. For he who ever clamors for the highest, he who desireth without ceasing, is sure to dwell within the realm of Infinite Perfection. Know thou this mighty truth, the impelling evolution from the lower to the higher is resistless and eternal in its **Onward** trend.

* * * *

To — —

Thousands of souls have drank at the fount
Of thy wondrous waters of love;
Have basked in the sunshine, and dwelt on the mount,
That thy selfless giving hath proved.
Thou art ever lifting the burden of man,
Pushing back the dark curtain of grief;
Ever aiding and cheering, unfolding God's plan,
And giving his children relief.

O, infinite soul of love that thou art!
Canst thou measure eternity's store
Of blessings now welling from out the Christ's heart,
That shall flow for thee, evermore?
Couldst thou count thy treasures as stars in the dome
That sparkle the blue vault above,
Still, numberless more were set for thy crown
As children of thy works of great love.

Eternity ever shall sing its glad song
And praise thee for sweeping aside
The phantom of death that hangs over earth's throng;
Thou bright one, by love glorified!
Thy wealth is more than streets of gold,
Than priceless gems and power of earth.
Thy tender heart, thy Christed soul,
Hath found in God its right of birth.

* * * *

Dost wander thou in earth's seductive glow,
O, soul of man,
Where lurk the cold gray mists of ignorance and ill?
Heralding the glad tidings of thy conquering Power,
I come to beckon thee to calling heights,
Most gracious in their love.
Sweet Nature smiles unceasing here,
And revels ever in sunbeams that follow
Each the other in a song of Joy;
Mantling the peaks in gleaming gold, the light of which
Doth bid thee rise to view the glories
That may eternal mirror in thy soul.

* * * *

The Passing of R—

About half an hour previous to my brother's awakening in the spirit world, as I was realizing peace for the sorrowing wife, soothing her to rest for a few moments, after her days and nights of watchfulness and anxiety, I saw distinctly the boundless waters of old ocean, and like a flock of birds, came a multitude of tiny white-winged sail boats, and lighted thereon. Like so many guardian angels they seemed, coming to welcome our loved one home, to bear him into the bright beyond. I held to the realization of peace for the household; and freedom, and the Kingdom of God indwelling, for my loved brother.

The summons came for the last farewell. The struggle was soon over, and another great soul was launched in the freedom of Infinite Love.

Some two hours or more thereafter, while watching with the sorrowing ones and gazing out into the starlit night, I was shown a most wonderful display of beautiful white flowers of mammoth size, set in a background of smilax, such flowers as are not seen save in the spirit realm. Across this bank of snowy whiteness, came floating a wreath of white and purple pansies, set in maiden-hair fern, and rose-geranium leaves. Instantly I knew it was the emblematic offering of purity, power, sweetness and mother love to **him**, who on earth was to **her** most near and dear.

Through the lone hours that seemed doubly sacred now, I still watched and waited, widely awake, and pondering on the Life I knew to be eternal. Near day-break the eastern star shone with such resplendent glory and brightness, it entranced me. I gazed long and fixedly at it. Finally three stars took its place in the heavens. "The Trinity!" I exclaimed. They passed, and behold! five brilliant stars, with more and smaller ones above them. Sufficient to complete the formation of a crown appeared. "For you, loved brother," I said; and the vision vanished.

* * * *

The Soul Universal

I sweep the earth from zone to zone,
Heaven's blue, from star to star;
The spirit realm from whence doth spring
All things that really are.

My chariot rests upon the wings
Of Love's immortal flame
Whose glories untold myriads sing
In most bewildering strains.

The reigns I hold are thoughts of Truth,
And thoughts of Love Divine;
Reaching beyond the ken of youth.
I AM THAT which knows **no** time.

* * * *

Among the Pines

I am bathed in the Infinite Splendor of Thy Presence, Great Soul of Harmony, as I rest in the hush of the Heights of Thy Consciousness to which thou hast bidden me "Come." I hear thy voice in the song of the pines, an endless undertone of music, a silence so divinely sweet and rapt in melody that here apart from all the world, I consciously dwell with THEE in soulful Communion.

* * * *

If thou couldst dwell upon the heights eternal,
O my soul,
And never sweep the lowlands, and the deserts drear,
Thou'dst never know the Joys supernal of thy King;
The Power thy soul hath won in overcoming fear.

* * * *

I Am

I am almighty power within myself,
None other do I need.
I am the Part. I am the Whole.
The ALL my soul doth feed.
Thou mighty monitor within,
Awake thy joyful lays.
I am! I am! sound far and wide
The Great Creator's praise.
Until from Heaven's heights sublime,
Thou beckonest all to see
The Spirit, Life, the Love Divine,
That is centered now in thee.
The song-bird's sweetest notes ring out
From depths within thy soul;
Soft twittering, trilling, then a shout
Of victory, as of old
When warriors deemed the battle won,
And right had triumphed over wrong.

* * * *

Invocation

Infinite Intelligence of Christ! Help me to understand fully the true import of thy Power, thy Presence, that I may instill it in the consciousness of mankind. That I may be instrumental in the annihilation of inharmony, ignorance, disaster and crime that seems to be so flooding the human race. Help me to become conscious of thy Power within to that degree that my entire being may be cognizant of the Absolute Truth. Let thy word of Harmony, thy power of Love dwell with me Eternally.

Thou who art the inmost center of all, help me to open every avenue of my being to thee, that my countenance may show forth thy radiance; that I may know Intelligent Creative Love is moulding and building every cell of my body with a lasting presence of Peace, Health, and Grace.

And as I behold Thee indwelling, so let others look upon me; and so let me behold all thy children.

I can be, I desire to be, I **am**, a living center of Divine Love. I arise within myself and grasp my Oneness with thee, Great Spirit of Truth. I bless Thee in and through all. I see and hear **only** Thee.

I love Thee supremely and all life as my own. The air I breathe is filled with love so deep and penetrating that only good can manifest.

Let now the deep tranquility that thou art, manifest within my soul. Let my whole being sing "Peace." Thou art Joy, Health, Power. Thou art my True Self, the only Being that **I am**, that which is glorified in the Father.

* * * *

Questionings

Did you never stoop to gather a flower, when a something from within that seemed like an overwhelming tide of **love** swept through your entire consciousness, and your whole heart went out like a mighty current of water, breaking loose from its pent-up walls, and **all** in love for this tiny blossom, as its sweet face was raised to yours? Did you never query at such a moment, "Am I bringing you pain, my sweet flower?"

Did you not feel the great heart-throb of God within, as you caressingly held it in your hands, and pressed it slyly to your lips that you might not be seen of men?

And after enjoying its fragrance, its sweetness, have you not, O, so often, close pressed its faded beauty in your hands, and felt a touch, yes, a real pang of sorrow as you thrust it from you, casting it aside for fresher and brighter blossoms?

This is the genuine Love, that is calling you to recognize the Oneness of All Life. No wonder it costs you such a pang of regret; for the love given to **you** from the tender blossom was its sweetest fragrance; its rarest beauty, all enveloped in the One Great Life which is but a part of **your very own**.

* * * *

Not **striving** to love, but **loving**.
Not **striving** to live, but **living**.
Not **striving** to be, but **being**; this is the Christ
teaching.

* * * *

Eros says: "Time is measured by holy acts."

* * * *

If at times threatening clouds float across the horizon of your life, heed them not, unless—perchance—you glimpse the gold and silver linings, but let Love, the Motive Power, guide you into paths of Harmony. Clouds will quickly disappear in the sunshine of Love.

* * * *

The City Wonderful

I lingered on the boulevard of an ancient city, allowing myself to be attracted hither and thither by whatsoever appealed to me in way of diversion. I haunted the Art Galleries, towers and chapels; went into the busy marts, touched with the Merchant, the street-vender, the rich and poor. Sought the outskirts of the City. Stood on the stairway of a grand old castle that in times past, **was**; but now lay in abject ruins. The beautiful grounds a lonely tangle of vines and shrubs. The fallen walls were covered with ivy and other creeping vines.

Standing amid the picturesque ruins which so filled my mind with a strange blending of joy and sorrow, I stretched out my hands in the soft sunlight, and casting my eyes upward, invoked the Great Oversoul: "Canst thou not lead me into a city of thine own building, one not touched by the hand of man? Is there no greater life than this ceaseless turmoil, this mixture of the beautiful and the repulsive, the good and evil? Wilt thou not lift the veil that I may revel in thy never-ceasing splendor?

The sunshine lessened. The distant sounds of the city subsided. The atmosphere grew soft and odorous as at the eventide of some sweet summer's day. The soft warblings of birds were distinguishable.

I trembled with expectant ecstasy, and as quick as thought can travel, found myself standing on the broad

stairway of a magnificent dwelling. On the upper landing of this flight of steps was an archway formed in faintest tints of rainbow hues. In this archway stood the nude figure of a beautiful woman, as ethereal as a dream in her transparent loveliness. Glancing down at the foot of the stairs, I beheld a manly figure clad in loose-flowing robes of creamy white, on his head a crown of pale blue and gold. He was surrounded with artist's paraphernalia. The scene was bewilderingly beautiful in its transparency, the decorative plants, abundance of bloom, pillars, arches, statuary, tapestries and the entire structure, in the subdued light assumed in color a rosy gray, matchless in its tintings.

Surely I had been ushered into "a city not made with hands eternal in the heavens." I glanced at myself, surprised to find I was robed in softly clinging garments of purest white which fell in classic folds about my sandaled feet. My head, arms and hands were void of covering. To my own consciousness I seemed ethereal, buoyant in body, hardly more than a bright dream.

Again glancing upward, I beheld this radiant creature gathering up a light filmy substance and with the wave of her hand, it fell in soft drapery about her exquisite figure. Softly she said: "Only for thee, fair one of earth. In this heavenly realm there is only the pure and the true interblending with Infinite Wisdom and a love of the beautiful, sacredly held in appreciation that far out-rivals aught that earth's children can conceive of."

Instantly I was levitated hundreds of feet above the city and from this height surveyed at pleasure this glor-

ious city of the Gods, for such I now understood it to be.

It was constantly held under this soft roseate tint of light, varying, changing, as dainty-hued and fleecy clouds floated over it. The homes were separated from each other by exquisite grounds, rich in fruits, flowers and foliage. Rippling streams of sparkling waters passed close by the steps of these beautiful homes, in which there were no doors or windows. They were surrounded with broad verandas, artistic archways, in which rested exquisite pieces of statuary and plants of indescribable beauty. Birds of brilliant plumage added to the enchantment of the scene, while their rippling melodies filled the air.

In this city of art which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, I beheld an immense amphitheatre of white and gold, bathed with the soft pink glow that so sweetly enfolded all. It was a marvel of architecture. The domes and spires rising to great heights, were upheld by a labyrinth of pillars. There seemed to be no sides to the structure which was surrounded by broad white steps that were continually under the tread of thousands of feet, coming and going. Volumes of music filled the atmosphere surrounding.

To my silent inquiry, "What is the use and character of such a building?" A voice beside me said: "It is limitless in capacity, unexcelled in beauty, abounds in Purity and Love. Here we worship as **One Great Soul**. We meet in perfect Unity. We know only **One Great Heart** that beats in and through all, and from here we radiate the Christ-Love, also the most Divine Music, which at times, when some receptive soul like unto yours

is praying to receive, we send as a direct shaft of Power and Harmony, and IT, vibrating throughout that soul, is of such intensity that the Soul becomes cognizant of its ONENESS with the Father, and is thus enabled to give it out to mankind in such a manner that the world joins in the refrain.

There is great joy in heaven over the one who has entered the innermost center of his own being, and unfolds therefrom the God or **true** self. Forget not that each and every soul is a temple of the **Living God**, "limitless in capacity, unexcelled in beauty, abounding in purity and love."

Entranced, I listened to these wonderful words. The light enfolding the city grew in brightness until too dazzling to look upon. I momentarily closed my eyes, opened them, and beheld the softness of the sunset hue bathing all. Slowly it faded into a soft gray haze.

Eagerly I looked for a return of the vision, but was destined to dwell on the loveliness of what I had witnessed.

A restful glow of twilight settled over all as I sensed myself being gently borne back to earth. A voice breathed on my lips the words, "Thou hast glimpsed the City Wonderful, my child. It lieth all about thee eternally. Seek it daily. Let Love open thine eyes, and Wisdom and Faith direct thee."

* * * *

Hold yourself in holy calm. Never waver. Never

doubt. Faith, Love and Wisdom will open wide the doors into the heavenly kingdom within your soul.

Prepare to receive and give forth that which is being spread for you. "Surely goodness and Mercy shall follow you all the days of your life, and you shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

* * * *

Did Jesus teach "non-attachment?" I think not. He taught rather such an exceedingly close blending with all life that he must needs exclaim the Great Truth, "The Father and I are One."

Could it be possible for one so profoundly lovable as He, One so centered in, and teaching the glad tidings of Love, to withdraw his love from His **own**? On the contrary, although he asked, "Who are my mother, my brother?" He so perfectly blended with the Great Heart of the Infinite he poured forth a constant stream of Love for ALL LIFE.

This did not cause him to indifferently love those closely bound to him by the ties of birth. His very knowledge of ONENESS with the Universal gave him the power to **Trust Implicitly** the ALL-PERVADING Law of Harmony and Love to divinely protect his loved ones.

How tenderly, at the crucifixion, he placed his mother in care of the beloved disciple, saying, "Behold thy Mother."

His Love was so great that selfishness was unknown,
the fire of God-love so deep that like purest gold from
the crucible, it poured forth to **enrich** mankind for all
Eternity.

* * * *

Soul Wanderings

I've come down from the Heights
But I've left my **soul** there.
'Tis reveling in sunshine and soft mountain air.
It is floating in cloudlets, nesting with birds,
Rippling in melody, murmuring sweet words
Of rapt adoration for Nature's bright self.
Clasping hands with the Spirit realm; hushed is all else,
Save the indwelling Glory of God in my soul
As it bathes in the radiance, the Oneness with all
That is eternal Harmony, joyous and free.
'Tis the soul that is God-like, the **soul** that can see.
The soul that's the true self, not this wearisome I
That travels the earth and forever doth sigh
For freedom from bondage, that ages have wrought
As a mesh round my feet; and of doctrines taught
That were torturous; void of all reason and right,
Filled in with suggestions of darkness and night.

Then dwell on the Heights, my beautiful soul.
Join the anthems of praise that eternally roll
A continuous stream of melodies sweet;
Thus I shall forget to abide at the feet
Of doctrines and creeds that are threadbare and worn,
And join you in Oneness. **Anew** shall be **born**.
As soul, we shall mount on swift wings of love,
Knowing only the Heights, wherever we rove.

* * * *

Come pattering down, sweet rain,
In worlds of glittering light.
You sing a loved refrain
Within my soul to-night.

* * * *

Resting in the silence the question presents itself, "What of the teachings of Astrology?" In slow and measured tones came the answer:

"There is but one pathway. Walk thou therein. Many and diverse teachings will reach thine ears; remember in and through all, above and below is but the One Infinite Intelligent and all Harmonious Creative Presence, God.

When thou dost become thoroughly cognizant of thy oneness with this eternal Power, thou shalt consciously rule thy stars, and "All power in heaven and on earth shall be given unto thee."

* * * *

The All-Seeing Eye

Each and every individual is "compassed about by a cloud of witnesses," both in the seen and the unseen. When telepathy and the ONENESS of mind is taught, as it should be, from childhood up, when people understand that whether present in or absent from the body, either on earth or in the spirit world, each and every awakened soul may know the thought, word and act of his brother, then man will strive to put forth in manifestation only the noble and true.

Sometimes Fear may be the check-rein, but usually the great and foremost struggle is to manifest the Best to our fellow man. There is not a man so fallen but that if he knew his every thought and deed was as an open book before both men and angels, he would guard well that thought and deed.

Every soul is eternally surrounded by a "Cloud of Witnesses," whether he will it or no. Nothing can be hidden from the ALL SEEING EYE of spirit in whom we all live and move and have our being.

* * * *

From Spirit Realm
To E— C— W—

Know thou, sweet one, though time wings slowly on its
way,
I cherish thee more fondly, day by day.
My soul doth wander ever by thy side.
Our joys are one. We e'er in love abide.
We tread Life's maze together, fern-clad dales
And flowering walks; the rose, whose perfume never
fails
To tell of our glad love, with ne'er a note of woe,
But breathes of Heaven above, within, below.
Thy sunny smile as thou dost speak my name,
Gladdens my heart; fanning the quenchless flame
Of deep affection's untold power, into a fire,
That burns eternal, with my soul's desire.
It is that thou mayst know ALL LIFE as One,
Thou mayst illumined be, with God, the sun
That warms and thrills our spirit-life divine,
Erasing separation forever from thy mind.

Why, dost thou know, dear, thy soul eternal sings
A song of Harmony. Swept are the sacred strings
Of the Aeolian Harp, by Heaven's breath,
As thy loved voice rings clear and sweet

"I know there is no death."

Thy name is wafted on the wings, Aye, on the breath
of love

'Tis sounded forth in melody that fills the realms above.
Thou art, brave one, a blessing given
To cheer sad hearts, to teach of Heaven;
For thou hast proved within the soul
Is God's own Kingdom. Christ, the Goal.

* * * *

Peace and Power

Be still, O, restless Heart,
And find thy peace, thy pleasure sweet
In all that doth surround thee.
In the waving grass, the flowers
That bloom beneath thy feet.
Seek not to soar to worlds unknown,
Where thou wouldst be a stranger still,
Far from thy home, thine own.
But let the God within thee see
The beauty that enfoldeth thee.
As thou hast gained the mountain-side
And aye, the greater heights,
So thou canst overlook the tide
Of surging scenes beneath thy sight,
And be un-moved.
So thou canst reach the exalted height
Of God as Love, and Conqueror prove.

* * * *

Enter into thine inner chamber and close the door. A great many enter this sacred sanctuary, but alas! the door is left ajar, and through this tiny crevice, connection with the world is kept up, and the **result** is not what it **should** be.

* * * *

“Believe and ye shall receive.”

* * * *

On Mount Wilson

Standing on the crest of the mountain, gazing across immense chasms of boundless beauty, looking down into the depths of green of the grand old pines, whose arms reach out and touch in brotherly affection, one with another, and whose fingers are so attuned to the Infinite Breath that they discourse sweetest melodies to my soul, how can I see aught but the Divine in Fullness.

To each and every soul must come wafting the sweet symphonies straight from the Great Oversoul, that knoweth only the **one** grand theme of **Love**, in its creation, and in Its outbreathing.

The soft sweet zephyrs play on my brow, and soul and body become one in consciousness. I am borne out into the glorified expanse of limitless grandeur and freedom of soul.

Do I listen for the "still small voice?" Then I hear it in the soft twitterings and cooings of bird-notes, in the far-away music of the softly falling water, meandering down the mountain side; Again in the murmurings of the winds among the pine tree branches. All swell in one grand harmonious song of Praise to **Infinite Love**.

* * * *



"Gazing across immense chasms of boundless beauty."

* * * *

Strike thou the note of Love, Great Spirit of Truth,
with such power within my soul, that it may carry in
endless vibrations throughout Eternity.

* * * *

I Love It, Don't You?

What is it that draws me to you, little One,
Is it your shining curls,
And your skin so brown?
Or your deep, deep eyes
With soft love-light borne?

You came to me in the park to-day
With other children
All wild with play.
The others passed on. I, a stranger to you,
Was thrilled with delight
As you dawned on my view.
You waved your sweet hands
O'er the valley below
With its soft bed of green,
Its lights all aglow,
Shaded paths, cool retreats,
And still lake of deep blue.
You looked in my eyes
Saying, "How do you do?
I love it. Don't you?
I wish I could paint it
And give it to you."

O, now I know, little Love, I cried,
What brought you to me
Through this great world so wide.
'Twas soul meeting soul

In the light of true art.
'Twas God meeting God,
Hand to hand, heart to heart;
And wherever you roam
Over land and o'er seas,
Still Oneness enfolds us
The Father to please.
And mayhap, somehow,
In the aeons of time,
Again I may hear
Like the bell's softest chime,
That sweet child-voice call
From out God's great Park—
"I'se painted the picture
for you, sweetheart."

And if it be so,
It will hang on the wall
In my home over there;
Yet, over it all,
Like a sweet dream of Heaven, I'll see
A dear dainty figure,
All sunshine and glee,
Floating curls, deep, deep eyes,
Nut-brown skin, tiny hands,
And the **soul of my soul**
Forbidding the ban
That e'er can divide us.
The sweet mingling of Life,
The soft murmurings of Love
That makes all akin,
And melts away strife,

Has caught the refrain
From child-lips so true,
And sweetly re-echoes,
“I love it. Don’t you?”

* * * *

Silence

Very early in the morning, in realization of the fullness of the Spirit, inbreathing and outbreathing, "the Father indwelling, He doeth the perfect work," I found myself being rocked to and fro, as in a hammock, as plainly I heard my Mother's voice singing—

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently fall upon thy head."

Several attempts were made to recall me from the stillness, but I refused to heed them; remaining for some time, fully realizing the embrace of spirit arms, in which I was being cradled.

On coming out of this deep silence, I found myself enjoying wonderful peace of mind, rest of body and buoyancy of Spirit. The hour thus spent in the soothing refreshing presence of the Divine, the soft undertone of music and loving words from my sainted mother's lips will remain forever fresh in my memory.

Such it is to contact the Spirit of Peace within, as taught us by our Savior. Such it is to refuse communion with aught save the Divine, which so sweetly cradles us in the arms of Infinite Mother Love.

* * * *

Judge Not

Thinking one day of a dear friend, a very lovely woman, highly cultured, I allowed a thought of criticism to steal into my consciousness, fearing her overly self-righteous; possibly vain.

Almost instantly before me stood a beautiful child, thinly clad, and with one shrunken limb visible. She lifted her great pleading eyes to mine, and holding up her tiny hands, said, "Please can you heal me? O, love me into perfection;" then faded from my sight. Longingly my soul went out in love and healing thoughts to all such hungry babes of the world, breathing forth the Allness of Universal health.

Then, sweeping over me, came the thought, "This is symbolical to me in some way. Children are typical of **New** ideas; and in some way that which I had in my mind was not perfect."

I glanced back over the line of my thoughts, taking up this beautiful woman whom I had but very lightly criticised, and mentally freed her from all imperfections in **my own mind**, even seeing wherein she had a **right** to truly appreciate her own wonderful gifts of the spirit, giving her the thought, "You are divinely perfect in every way." I relaxed, feeling a clear sense of peace and love stealing over me.

Immediately I saw myself in a beautiful woodland, the foliage of which separated and a crystal lake dawned

on my view. As far as the eye could reach a placid body of water lay bathed in sunlight, the horizon coming down to meet its smooth surface. Over the scene appeared the message, "Peace! Judge not."

* * * *

Sweet Spirit, let me look into the eternal glories of the Infinite as outpicturing everywhere. Let me breathe the sweet incense of immortal bloom and beauty within my **own** being.

* * * *

The Substance of the Universe is spirit—Harmonious, intelligent Activity, of which our bodies are the visible expression. Consequently disease and un-rest have no foundation from which to manifest, save in-so-far as, through ignorance of the law, we fail to work along the line of Harmony.

* * * *

The tiny wild flowers, lifting their sweet faces to us, bespeak the Creator's love. The boisterous weeds, growing in such fearless luxuriance, here and there, proclaim the power of Love. Mountains, seas, and valleys, all sing the melody of **Love**. The warbling birds, murmuring breezes and laughing waters all join with the meadow-lark's sweet carol of "Love" to the **MOST HIGH**.

* * * *

Tell Me

Tell me, O, my greater self
That roams the heavens at will,
Tell me of realms of Love Divine
Where souls e'er blending, intertwine in endless bliss.

There are no words that can express
The intense longing in my breast
To know the Greater Life.
That I may do the Father's will,
Absorb the lesson to be still
Enough to catch the strain
Of Harmony; sweet Love's refrain.

Tell me, when loving hands clasp thine,
And wing into the higher sphere,
Drinking the aromatic wine
Of heaven's crushed fruit, so filled with cheer,
Tell me if ecstasy's complete.
Are there not heavens more to win?
Dost thou sit at the Savior's feet
And dost thou lose all fear of sin?

Tell me if angels bear thee on;
Doth heavenly music greet thine ears?
Tell me, if from the Father's throne
A radiance bathes thee; calms thy fears,
Illumines thee, and lifts thee up

In Wisdom's ways of Life and Light;
E'er overflows thy joyous cup.
Tell me of scenes that are so bright their splendor daz-
zles;
Enchanting all that touch the chord and hear the call
Of heaven's desire within the soul.

* * * *

The Universe of Good is the Father's countenance,
greeting me wherever I go, whichever way I look.

* * * *

Love's Message

Child of Wisdom, list thou unto me. I am the root and branch within thee. Thy soul yearneth after wisdom. Yea, thine ears listen with expectation of greater things yet to come. Dwell thou in the Christ Consciousness. Learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart, yet **ALL POWERFUL** am I. I will uplift thee with my life. Thy lips shall open, thy words flow forth as water gushes from the fountain head; then shall all consciousness of fear be swept from thy mind; then will I take thee up and show thee wondrous things; and thou shalt say, "Yea, verily, I have known all this from creation," so assured shalt thou be of thy wisdom of which I **AM** the abiding **ONE**.

The wisdom of the ages shall breathe through thee. Thou art blessed beyond thine understanding. Give thyself up to hours of meditation and restfulness and in peace and joy of soul, seek thou the innermost door of the "Tabernacle" and it shall open unto thee. "Be still and know that I am God." Demand thou the **fullness** of Wisdom; push on, and up, and the key of Love shall open to thee all the secrets of the Celestial Realm.

Believe in thyself, for I am inseparable from thee. I am the unfolding Power within thee. That which is now dark, incomprehensible and obscure to thee, shall be as clear to thy vision as the light of the sun. I am thine own true self. I am He that shall speak the **wis-**

dom that I am, and that thou art. I am the One, altogether lovely. I am the LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

* * * *

Darling little dandelion
In your bed of green;
Brightening lawn and field alike.
I have never seen
More exquisite tints of gold,
Humbler, happier, faces bright,
Than your own; as nestling close
In emerald tints, you greet my sight.

* * * *

The Eternal Now is with us, and with one sweep of True Thought all the fossilated beliefs and fears of ages past can be cast from their false foundations, and only the Supreme Knowledge and Truth of the Spirit remain unshaken.

In such an hour of awakening does the soul, like a meteor, flash out, fearing not to claim its own with the Divine.

In such a moment, the newly illumined soul calls out to the troubled waters of Life—"Peace! Be still," and the winds and waters obey the command. The afflicted stretches forth the withered hand, and is healed.

Silently, the Great Waters of Truth are cleansing

the thought waves, and false beliefs are falling away from mankind. The realization of the meaning of the Great Omnipresence, Omnipotence and Omniscience is sounding its harmonies in thousands and thousands of souls who are knowing of the fullness of this Truth in the **Eternal Now**.

* * * *

Surrounding thee and within thee is the Infinite calmness and serenity of the Divine. Awaken thou to **Its** presence, and accept of the **power innate** to do that which it is possible for a **God to do**.

* * * *

Untangle thou the thread of thy life, and weave it anew into the garment of symmetrical loveliness intended for thee, thou perfect one, to wear.

* * * *

Adrift

I drifted out on the ocean blue,
A tiny barque on the boundless deep,
Unfurled my sails to toss with the wind
And lay me down to day dreams sweet.

Memory wafts back o'er years well spent.
A child I lay on the cool green lawn.
The same sky o'erspread me then as now,
The same heaven's blue, the sun shone on.

I lived again the old love dreams,
And walked the halls of wealth and pride,
Bent o'er fair form of child-like grace;
Once more I whispered, "Sweet, my bride."

Happily passed the days and years,
So bright, so fraught with love and joy,
The gray, that tinged my waving locks,
Proclaimed me little more than boy.

While she I loved, too fair for earth,
In morning hours of her short life
Drooped like a flower at eventide,
That has shed its fragrance o'er the strife

Of earth's sad din. It was not death.
She gently smiled, passed through the gate,
Paused for a moment, beckoned me on.
Alone I drift, and wait, and wait

Until God speeds my barque along
And Love calls out, "Sail peaceful in
The Haven of bliss, eternal bloom,
Where we are linked as one in Him."

* * * *

"Follow thou me." I, thine own true self, speak
unto thee. Take heed, and I will lead thee in fields ely-
sian, beside gently flowing streams. I will open to thy
consciousness treasures of untold wealth from out the
store-house of the Infinite; and breathe into thine ears
sweet melodies of Heaven.

I will teach thee of love so mighty that earth's con-
sciousness of ill shall be dissolved therein, and will bathe
thee in waters of Peace, in the stillness of which thou
mayst hear the voice of the Master gently calling—
"Follow thou me."

* * * *

You leave an impression with every thought you
think. Like tiny rippling rills of water they steal uncon-
sciously out to mingle in the Great Ocean of Thought
on which mankind travels.

* * * *

The most heavenly thing on earth is the Mother Love, and the most **earthly** thing in Heaven is the **Mother** Love.

* * * *

Great centers of Intelligence are not dependent upon others for their peace of mind.

* * * *

Why seekest thou such blinded paths, O child of earth? Why drawest thou down the curtains only to murmur at the dusk through which thou must grope thy way.

Throw open the portals of thy soul and stand thou fearless in the glowing light of Truth. One knoweth thy heart, the purity of thy soul, and of thy holy desires to uplift in the name of Truth. But thou must have an abiding Faith, born of understanding, must perceive the indwelling presence of the Father, the Infinite, Intelligent, Harmony pervading all Life.

* * * *

Silently co-operate with the Divine in every soul.

* * * *

Voice of Eros

Hearing my name called in the stillness of the early morning, I asked—"Have you a message for me?" Promptly came the answer—"Yes; I want to speak to you of the glory of the Father, and of your own soul's growth. Never waver. Never be discouraged. Never digress from the pathway of the Infinite. You are on the highway to receive the unsearchable riches of Infinite Intelligence. Go straight to the Fountain Head. You are sacredly guarded and there are none who can overthrow you. The voice of Truth shall lead you into all Truth. Go on, and on, and on. And to that other one beside you in the pathway of life, I will say—Seek not of worldly gain, delving deep into the mad whirl of worldly ways and desires, but rather abide in the purity of the Spirit. The unfathomable wealth of the Universe is yours. Guard well these precious and priceless treasures, accepting them as the first desires of your heart. Hold fast in Wisdom which guides you in all your ways. There are for you hours of great illumination. You are a wonderful soul. Your mind is peerless. There is a mighty awakening for you all. Be prepared to receive it. The Power and Love of the Father surrounds you. Walk in the Light, constantly, and refuse to see the shadows.

* * * *

To My Mother

In the soft gray of the morning,
Ere the dawn of the rosy hue,
As I lay on my couch in the silence,
I sweetly muse, love, of you.
The thought brings you closer, my mother,
Your hands soft caressing my hair
Which, in baby-hood gave you such pleasure;
As you lulled in the old rocking-chair
My sorrows and frettings and moanings,
Or cooing of love and delight.
You touched me with love's magic fingers,
And turned all my darkness to light.
You sang, "Hush my babe, little darling,
Holy angels are hovering near;
Softly sleep, the Father close guards you,
Sleep, bright eyes, love casts out all fear."

My soul drank deep of its meaning,
The fathomless depths of such love
As a mother's free gift to her offspring,
Sweeping down from the ethers above.
'Twas in these loved hours of childhood,
Tender guidings of sweetest refrain,
My soul unfolded in greatness;
Only to be hushed again
In the world's oblivion of sorrow,
With its unrest, its pleasures, its joys,

That drive us to deeper quaffings
Of life's mixtures, hypnotic alloys.

But not all the pleasures of earth-life,
Neither its sorrow or care,
Can erase from my soul the deep thrilling,
As you lay your hand on my hair.
For my soul bounds forth into freedom
And mingles in bliss, love, with thine,
The cob-webs of earth-life have vanished,
Swept aside are the curtains of time.

* * * *

Naught but the language of the soul can e'er express
My love for Nature in her June-time dress,
Her dainty tints of green and gold,
And shimmering lights, as dawn unfolds.

* * * *

Treading down the ills of life, putting them beneath
thy feet, ever looking up, higher and still higher, thou
dost behold the Great Over-Soul that illumines thee.

* * * *

If shadows fall, and earth seems drear,
Take thought and rise above.
Thou art the soul of light and cheer,
For thou art **God, as Love.**

* * * *

You are instrumental in wisdom, love, power, health, opportunity, life, joy and illumination. You are eternally arraigned before the tribunal of the MOST HIGH within your own soul, to testify to the TRUTH as Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient. Your appetites and desires are for the Heavenly Manna, the unfoldment of the universal soul of man.

You are even now proclaiming to all, your knowledge of the Divine Harmony of the Universe. You are a beacon-light on the Mountain-top of Zion to guide the mariner safely into a Haven of Peace. You little know the power of your own soul, your individuality in Truth.

Life flows through you like a mighty river in whose current is known only the Pure and Holy. Love permeates your consciousness and thus you blend with the Harmonious order of the Universe your forces and know only the will of the great and perfect Intelligence in your being.

* * * *

When you come to have perfect faith in the Allness of Infinite Mind, **then** it shall be unto you as you desire; then you are fearless and free in God.

* * * *

A Self-Treatment

Inbreathing, "My body, my life, is the manifestation of Infinite mind." Outbreathing, slowly, "Infinite Mind is **now** cleansing, purifying and revivifying every atom and cell of my body."

* * * *

It is such a delight to **trust** instead of reason; to have faith instead of doubt.

* * * *

To L. G. D.

Thou art my inspiration, Dear,
A great white soul in a desert drear,
That breathes of politics, chaos and strife,
Each crowding the other for place in life.

So calm, serene, in power dost thou stand,
That all men forget, as they clasp thy hand,
The greed that is eating down deep in their hearts;
And, wondering, listen for something that starts

A vibration of Godliness, purity, love.
'Tis the voice from **within** that calls them above,
As stirred from the depths of God in **thy** soul,
Unconsciously wielding the Christ power o'er all.

* * * *

Be yourself. Flounder not in the toils of earth consciousness of what love constitutes. Cut loose from old conditions, and enter the HOLY OF HOLIES.

Do you not know that each and every soul must work out its own salvation? Then unfold consciousness of Freedom, and **breathe, think and live** for yourself; thus elevating your own life, and freeing your soul from a desire to stay with loved ones in order that you may bring them higher which would only tend to the stagna-

tion of your own soul. Take your **freedom**. Thus you will find yourself standing on a sure foundation and you are in a position to assist others.

If you refuse to press onward at your own soul's demand, waiting, struggling and striving for others to mount with you, your progress must necessarily be slow; for each must mount the stairway of illumination in his own way.

If perchance great souls mingle in the one great aim of the highest attainment in Truth, spontaneously mounting to the Christ consciousness together, then, there is greater strength; for in Unity is power. However, linger not for any one, even those that seem most dear to you; those that **you** think mean heaven to your soul; for verily, you shall behold all souls as ONE, and be satisfied in the Universal Harmony, wherever you stand.

Possibly those you would guide into the Kingdom as **you** see the door ajar for them, may have already entered by another way, and be waiting to receive you in your more illumined condition. Judge not. Fear not. Linger not. With earnest fervor and with fearlessness press on, and you shall meet the Christ in your own soul, and commune with the HIGHEST.

* * * *



"Bright waterfalls dance, and birds carol all day."

Love In Life's Dell

A sweet little hare-bell with pure eyes of blue,
Grew in the lone dell, just down below
Where the water-fall flirted its drops so bright,
And rippled and sang all through the long night.

Now, who can say it was lonely or sad;
Or who that it longed for companionship glad.
And yet, the soft sunshine spoke love to its heart;
The sweet winds' caress, caused new tendrils to start.

And soon, standing close to this hare-bell forlorn,
A tiny new bud, a new face, being born.
The voice of the hare-bell crept forth in great glee,
Singing—"Praise be to God, for this sweet gift to me."

So stand we alone, until sunshine and wind,
Awaken the soul to see those of our kind,
Growing close by our side, and longing to know
Of the love in our hearts that sets others aglow.

The stronger, the elder and more wise must rise,
Stretch forth the hand, wipe the tears from the eyes
That look up to them for companionship dear,
Show them the pathway, the light shining clear.

Blessed Jesus, the mighty, stood forth all alone,
But, knowing his Oneness with God, ne'er was shorn

Of power to up-lift and brighten the day,
Of hungering souls that grew by the way.

So the hare-bell, our own souls, Christ Jesus, the Light,
Have ever a mission. Let it be What is Right.
Let it be what the heart sings as we see by our side
Hung'ring souls, thirsting ones. Let us ever abide

In tenderness; knowing no lone hours of pain,
But singing sweet praises to his holy name;
As he wafts us, on billowy wings of content
Our hearts own companions, by his bounty sent.

Let us clasp hands and hearts, and souls, too, as well,
And enjoy the sweet fragrance of love in life's dell
Where sunshine, soft zephyrs, and butterflies play,
Bright waterfalls dance, and birds carol all day.

* * * *

The Infinite and Eternal Energy of the Universe is
thine with which thou mayst create thine own indwelling
peace.

* * * *

Thou art truly standing in the Great Eternal, un-
touched by the shadows of earth-life, and well mayst
thou say, "I thank Thee Father that thou hast heard
me, that thou dost always hear me, that I, thy child, am
one with thee."

* * * *

Deeper than the fathomless waters of Old Ocean lies the Truth of Life within thy Soul. Thou mayst not be conscious of that which thou art, but thou wouldst lose the pleasure Eternity hath in store for thee couldst thou consciously foretell the God-Knowledge which lies unawakened within. Thou art the Universe in concentrated effort, Evolved Conscious Intelligence.

The wisdom of ages, the Creative Love, the Life pulsating throughout the Limitless Universe, the Power which Controls All, is within **thee**.

Whether thine awakening be of great speed or no, still Eternity worketh for thee, the unfoldment of **that** which thou **art**. Thou mayst drink deep from the Fountain of Joy if thou wilt open the door to thine understanding.

Transcendent beauties await this awakening. Consciously follow thy soul in its hours of transition into the realm of the Great Invisible. Enter the secret place of the MOST HIGH, it may be either on the mountain-tops, or in the busy marts of life. In this thought realm thou shalt find abiding Peace, unbounded Power.

Remember thou art of the Infinite Intelligence and this realization shall hourly bring thee into greater Consciousness of thy divine relationship with the Supreme ALLNESS of the UNIVERSE.

* * * *

* * * *

The richest of God's blessings are forever thine
And o'er thy path through Life Eternal shines
The radiance of His love.

He weaves for thee a crown of Truth, to bless,
Woos thee in paths of Peace and Righteousness;
Lifts thee to realms above.

* * * *

From Spirit Realm To Father

You linger long at the portals,
Why dwell so long in the mist?
Love beckons thee. Open and enter,
By the Spirit of Freedom be kissed.

Thou art all a-weary of waiting
Thy life is shrouded in night.
Let go of old earth and her doubtings,
Awaken in God's gleaming light.

Around thee we stand, only waiting
To bear thy sweet spirit away
To thy home that is flooded with sunshine,
Where **time** is **eternity's Day**.

Thy out-stretched hands express longing
For freedom on Life's Boundless Shore;
Thy heart e'er eagerly hung'ring
Shall be fed from Love's Feast, evermore.

Then drift on Love's wings through the portal,
Thy awakening shall be in the Light;
In the Sunshine and Peace, in the Glory
Of God's presence, **His** Warmth, and **His** Might.

* * * *

In the Silence there appeared in the heavens an unusually large and inconceivably brilliant star. Mentally I asked "What wouldst thou have me to know concerning the messenger of light gleaming on me from out the Heavens?" Quickly held before my eyes was a filmy veil, and written thereon in letters of gold, was the one word, "**Faith.**"

* * * *

Wouldst thou know more of Life? Then fix thy mind on Love Supreme. Let the glow of Harmony reach into the depths of thy soul, allowing the light therefrom to tint thy view of all thine eyes do chance to rest upon.

* * * *

The Omnipresence is Harmony. Man, becoming conscious of this Truth, launches himself in Oneness with the ALL GOOD. One really desirous of the highest, abandons self and co-operates with the **Universal Power**, thus throwing open the hitherto invisible channels of creative power, making it possible to manifest perfection in every expression of life.

* * * *

He who would associate with Gods must first himself become a God.

* * * *

Healing thoughts held in perfect realization for others, will heal thyself.

* * * *

When thou dost allow Truth to have full sway within thee, **then** doth thy sickle lay low the tares and fruitless growths of earth-life.

* * * *

Answered

“Why was the thought of re-incarnation born?”
I questioned, lone and still;
And then, I listened in the Silence deep,
For words of wisdom that might keep
Me closer in the thought of Christ;
The perfect way.
Borne on the ethers of celestial light,
Came soft the answer:
“’Twas to satisfy the night of man’s illusions.
To set the seal of rank discussion,
On his half-starved soul. Oh, cruel proposition!
The mind thus harrowed with dark doubts and fears,
Leads out amid the labyrinth of souls, his own,
And drops therein, his jewels of great price;
So lightly treasured,
He wots not of his loss until he, all alone,
Sees slowly measured
Out to him, that which he has sown.”

* * * *

On the morning of March Twenty-fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Four, held before me in the Silence, was a parchment on which was plainly written—“Dear One, you are developing great knowledge of God, and proving the work of the Spirit. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you. All channels are open to you. Your crown

of glory awaiteth your recognition.” Much more being written which I could not decipher.

* * * *

The recognition of God as **Love** is the annihilation of, the curative for, all sickness, all lack, all ill. Love rests, soothes and heals. Fills the nerve centers, and penetrates the bones and muscles, and is the all-absorbing presence. No ill can abound if **Love** is allowed entrance in the consciousness. Take the thought “I love everybody, and everybody loves me. I love all life, and all life loves me.” And there will be found no phase of life that will fail to respond to this sincere love. Even the plants answer readily to love treatments. Love is the all-provident God. Cleansing, soothing and healing all who dwell therein. Christ, the Master, the indwelling Spirit of Love, pours through each receptive heart in living streams of light, His mighty power of Universal Love. Let the affirmations be—“I love, and love universally. I love and love individually. My love rests over all, and in all; and love I **draw from all.**”

* * * *

The fleecy banks of drifting clouds, under the glory of the shining sun of Love, melt into the summer sky of soft transparent blue. Love is the great equalizing power, the great beneficent harmonizing medium.

* * * *

“Sunshine’s” Questionings

Mama dear what makes you say
“Mama’s birdling must not play
On the lovely carpet blue,
In the parlor.” Is it true
That my Mama fears the sun
Shining on her little one?
If it fades the carpet so,
Can you think it makes **me** grow,
Mama mine? Those flowers of pink
Are so pretty. Don’t you think
God can keep the colors bright
In your carpet? if it’s right
The sun should shine with all its might?
Why don’t you buy a carpet green,
Where tiny blossoms may be seen
Just opening wide their eyes at God,
And nestling close in Mother sod?
They have them in the park, you know,
And Mama dear, I love them so.
They are so soft and cool and sweet,
And feel so loving to my feet.
The sun shines always over **there**,
And on the blossoms everywhere.
I never heard the Gard’ner say
“Pull down the curtains, God, I pray
Or you will fade my carpet gay.”

* * * *

All Is Good

Dost thou believe, O hungering soul?
Then thou art blest beyond control
Of seeming ills.

All Is Peace

Canst thou not be so very still,
That thou mayst hear the rippling rill
Of heaven, within thy soul?

All Is Love

Dost thou believe, all glorious one,
On Jesus Christ, the beloved Son
Of God? Then on thyself believe.

All Is Life

Dost thou not sense, great living soul,
The heart-throbs of the Infinite Whole
Within? Then LIFE is thine.

* * * *

LOVE is ALMIGHTY GOD. I have no fear.

* * * *

To E— S—

A rare sweet flower in God's garden so fair;
Soul that's as pure as the lilies are,
Attuned to the rhythm of Infinite Love;
Uplifted, illumined with power from above.

* * * *

Voiced in the Silence

“Can you conceive of the intense longing of the Christ to give unto an ignorance-burdened people the truth of their **being** in God? We reach out with the same un-conquerable love for souls, and almost uncontrollable desire to awaken these weary restless ones, to show to them the Way of Life. We lose ourselves in Universal Love.

We do not sorrow and grieve over erring souls in seeming bondage. We see them only as **divine**, knowing that as Eternity IS, so is the assurance of each soul's awakening to the truth.

We carry them ever in the most sacred thoughts of love and tenderness; never censuring or condemning, but gently uplifting them to the knowledge of the **truth indwelling**.

This shall be the work of the awakened ones in earth-life.”

* * * *

The Eternal Creative Force, the Intelligent Harmonious Creative Force, is omnipresent. The more you draw upon **it**, the larger will be the supply that you will become conscious of. Becoming conscious of this limitless supply of Creative Energy, you are enabled to intel-

ligently apply it to your every need. Thus you become one with Omnipotence, guided by Omniscience, living in the Omnipresence.

* * * *

The realization or consciousness of Truth as taught by Jesus, makes the usual way of passing from death unto Life avoidable; for it so spiritualizes the atoms of the body which are but centers of intelligence under control of the mind, that perfect control of the physical is established. Thus the "Father" and "Son" manifest as **one**; or the cause—Spirit—and the "Son"—Conscious Intelligence—work in Harmony, and Life Eternal is the result.

* * * *

The soul that realizes its identity with the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence of the Universe, has gained absolute freedom and boundless power.

* * * *

Solace

Regret not thy vacation ended;
But rather rejoice and be glad,
That with Nature thy soul hath so blended,
Naught can grieve thee or make thee feel sad.

Thou hast drank deep from the heart of nature;
Delved to its very core;
Gazed on its sprouting tendrils,
And cried and sighed for more.

Be content, oh soul, in thy knowledge;
Uproot all thine error and fear.
Abide close in the Father's loving;
Erase all earth's sorrows and tears.

Thou hast touched the heavenly harp-strings;
Thou'st heard voices from over the way,
That wed thee to Life Eternal,
Transforming the darkness to day.

Thou'st communed with the saints of Heaven,
Mounted to heights sublime.
Attuned is thine ear to the Infinite.
Thou'rt bathed in the Christ-Love divine.

Then know thou these great truths immortal;
Breathe them forth to bless all mankind;
And trust thou the Father forever.
He speaks to thee, soul, in the wind,

In the sunshine and storm and blossoms,
In faces that speak joy and grief.
He bids thee unfold thy sweet secrets,
And give to His children relief.

Then content thee, oh soul, in thy longings.
God in nature hath fed thee full well.
Return to thy love-labors, singing:
"All is Life, All is Love, All is Well."

* * * *

Very early in the morning, in silent realization of the One Power Omnipresent, asking for a greater realization of Peace, Wisdom, Joy and Poise, this message was distinctly spoken:

"Abide in Christ. Openly commune with Him. Work in His consciousness. Bathe in His spirit. Breathe in of His unselfish love. Work exclusively in His teachings, and dwell in the radiance of His countenance.

Unfold in tenderness and loving-kindness. Thus shall you develop greater healing power, becoming daily more cognizant of Peace, Joy, Wisdom, Power and Self-Poise."

* * * *

A Gem

“Pierced through the heart by a humming-bird’s bill!”
Cries the morning-glory of blue.
“But the sweet of my life, the tiny one thrills;
And is nectar to his soul.”

“He gathers my sweets and holds me entranced;
While my heart he dissects in great glee.
Flitting gaily away, his beauty enhanced,
Whispering love to each leaflet and tree.”

* * * *

A voice from the Silence in the early morning hours,
says—“Let sunshine flood thy soul, and health will
abound.” Again it says—“The philosophy of Life is
Love.”

* * * *

Out beyond the breakers of earth-life, in the calm
mid-ocean of Infinite Love, I am safely anchored.

* * * *

Deep in the rhythmic vibrations of thy sweet life is

that thou seekest. It is not health of body thy soul craveth, but it is the recognition of itself. Then, when thou hast found the kingdom of Harmony and its righteousness within, thou canst not do aught but show it forth in thy body which is thy soul manifest.

Think deep and beautiful thoughts of **the within, the Soul**. Let eternal praise flood thy consciousness. Thus shall all thy being manifest the truth in fullness, and thou shalt be glorified with the Father's own self, as it was with thee before the **world**, or the untrue consciousness, took up its citadel within thy mind.

* * * *

To Thee

Infinite wisdom sits enthroned upon thy brow, child of the living God. Call not around thee conditions of denseness, but let the Divine radiance illumine thee. Thou art ever calling for more wisdom. Thou must first assimilate and use that which thou hast called forth.

I am but teaching thee of thy divine self, and of the unlimited power which is thine. Abide thou in faith and seek not to replenish an over-filled vessel, but let Wisdom flow freely through thee, enriching and purifying thy consciousness. Let it flow as gracefully and peacefully as a deep running river, whose banks, enfolding this tide of love, shall show forth the most beauteous and luxuriant verdure, the choicest fruits and flowers.

The divine blessings of Him who is Life, are ever the same with thee. The Father reigneth in Love and Wisdom, in unrelenting power of good.

* * * *

Let the lips be dumb when no good thing can be said.
Let the eyes close in peace, rather than view evil.

* * * *

The love of Christ, like an Infinite Sea, enfolds all.

* * * *

As the silver cord, the magnetic current of the soul, is attached to the physical, when in the hours of sleep it wanders hither and yon, even so is the soul of man attached to the great vital and Universal Truths that so disturb him, until he knows **the Truth** that sets him free.

It is this divine unrest that urges on in paths of eternal progression and evolvment.

There is for man a state of consciousness, when poised in the principle of Harmony, that is absolute and peaceful progression. It is a knowledge that Truth and limitless Intelligence is **Eternally** present.

However, the disturbance of the soul until one awakens to this center, is greatly to be appreciated, and one should never decry its onward urge, or seek relief therefrom in worldly avenues of thought.

Rather seek to establish within the mind the principle of Harmony existing universally; then the unrest ceases, and the soul finds freedom **here** and **now**, thus becoming able to accomplish that for which it was launched forth as an individualized center.

* * * *

Every soul has its place in the intricate workings of the universe.

* * * *

Thou Who Art Seeking the Highest

Thou art climbing the Great Mountain of Life, and the Light Celestial rests upon thy brow, and from thy soul continuous streams of wisdom are flowing to bless the children of men, even—I may say—shall enter into the lives of the un-born millions.

A wonderful revelation of Light and Love is opening to thy consciousness, boundless in its divinity, working out into the lives of all as a destroyer of ignorance and sin.

* * * *

None can talk of evil without tainting the consciousness. Do not plan to overcome evil, but be of too pure eyes to behold evil. Build continually in Truth. The **Truth** makes free.

* * * *

En Route to San Diego

Learn thou, O Soul, from the more simple things of life, the glory of the Father. On wings of Love, thou art borne to thy field of labor. Cast thine eyes out over the golden bloom of wild sunflowers be-decking and bordering the fields.

Behold the glory of their coloring, their bright faces always turned toward the sun, drinking in of its warmth and glow.

So thou, sweet child of Light and Love, ever turn thy face to the sunlight and warmth of the Eternal Center of all Light, and let it shine through thee until thy being shall radiate the glory of the God-presence, that all may behold the gladness, the infinite loveliness within thee.

* * * *

Yield to the Spirit

Do not seek to **force** the Spirit, but rather yield to the Intelligent Harmony and Life that eternally **is**, and be at rest. Be of one mind. "Let thine eye be single" and willingly give yourself to the spirit, the intuitive forces of your nature.

You are ever searching for Wisdom, but wherein you fail is in not yielding yourself completely to these finer forces of the Spirit which, to the un-awakened, exist in the invisible realm. Arouse yourself to spiritual understanding. Let not the world and its cares and pleasures press hard upon your soul. In the **true self** you do abide in the **Most High**. A press of worldly affairs often so ingratiates itself in the consciousness that you touch but lightly on the **Truth** of your **Being**; thus causing you to become dissatisfied with yourself.

The decision is within yourself whether or no you **will** enter the abode of the higher realms of thought, thereby opening to yourself the consciousness of the "Kingdom of Heaven within."

A complete yielding to the highest desires of your soul will give you entrance into the avenues of the Great Intelligence.

All mankind may revel in this realm of **Truth** if they so desire, and may live to the higher dictates of their own souls.

All may sense the Divine presence and realize communion with the more evolved individualized centers of Intelligence of the Spirit Realm, if they will but yield to the Most High, indwelling.

* * * *

When the mornings are gray, the clouds hang low,
All life looks gloomy and sad,
Let your voice ring out with a gleesome shout,
'Twill help make the Old World glad.

* * * *

Are you fond of companionship? Then know that you have it in the Universal Allness of Life.

* * * *

Linger not in obscurity and darkness. The Divine urge within thee is thine own soul calling for recognition, and will not be stilled until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing; and established thy Oneness with the Infinitude and Grandeur of The Father.

It is not a force outside thine own soul that is clamoring for recognition. Through thy persistent desire for the Highest, thou hast called forth that which knoweth **no** rest until it findeth peace in the knowledge of the Universal Truth of Being.

* * * *

Possibilities of the Soul

You are capable of giving forth from the Spirit that which your own soul is unfolded to.

The reason the inspiration does not come at the bidding of the will, is this: you are not always receptive to the highest, not always prepared, no matter how progressed you may be. The soul is ever conscious, but you are in a condition that makes it impossible to give forth.

The soul is always full of wisdom, but not allowed freedom. The soul always receives the highest. It **never slumbers**, and if you are not in perfect bodily condition when asleep or resting in the Silence, you give **It** no chance to flow until you right yourself.

The body must be at-one with the soul. Great writers can not always write, and yet the soul is always willing and ready to give forth the highest. We are apt to disturb the soul expression by thoughts we should not have.

The soul and the mind are one and the same; however, the soul may be gone for a time, it leaves the body and travels for Wisdom and Knowledge.

Soul and body are two; for when the body goes, the soul lives on. Yet man, by the knowledge of the Truth, is enabled to retain the body, the earth-expression, so long as he may desire, as it is but the instrument or visible

expression of the soul, the mind, that which is the **Real Self**.

Soul. or mind, is the power which rules the body and is **one with it**, provided the objective consciousness will allow Truth to manifest. If not allowed to so manifest, through ignorance of the Law of Harmony, the Law of Intelligent Energy as all-pervading, then separation of soul and body must necessarily follow.

In Eternity, which is Here and Now, if we so will to **realize** it, unencumbered by ignorance and pre-conceived opinions, we may go on the wings of Thought, either in the seen or the un-seen, where-so-ever we may desire.

* * * *

Among the greatest artists of earth's children are those who cull from the heart of the Infinite, masterpieces flowing from the pen and reaching the hungry multitudes who are thirsting for knowledge of the Invisible Powers that **be**.

* * * *



"All who pause beneath your faithful keep,
Quaff life anew."

Sentinel Peak

Stern watch-tower of the valley!
You rear your head high in the air
And all who pause beneath your faithful keep,
Quaff life anew.

Protection you do give to all,
Who in sweet reverence, behold in you
The Universal Presence, God;
While melodies of Heaven soft murmur their sweet song
Through great and massive pines,
—And those of younger years—
At random, interspersed with sturdy oaks,
Which e'er be-deck your sides from base to dome.

From your great height
You fashion at your will the flow
Of tossing waters, sweeping o'er your out-stretched arms,
Falling like filmy veil to mighty depths below;
Which ever and for Aye do men entrance.

Anon from far aloft you poise in air,
Gazing with heart-felt Joy,
On falls of fair Yosemite,
On peaks and domes surrounding.
While ever at your feet doth toss and roll
In sweet un-rest
The waters of the beautiful Merced.

You view in your majestic silent way
The valley that Dame Nature hath so wildly cultured.

The willows bend and bow,
And sweet eglantis bloom, throwing to you
Their perfume rare.
The wild white lilacs shed abroad
Their fragrance on the ambient air.
The native Indian, stooping low o'er carpets green
Doth cull therefrom the richly flavored strawberry,
And look to you in Joy.

You keep your faithful watch o'er all
That tread the winding paths on mountain side,
And through the valley's maze.
Eternally you stand with head erect,
A Beacon-light to guide
The Seeker home;
And woo him on to greater heights
Of poesy and art.

And when, be-times he needs must leave your care,
His soul can ever view you from afar
As you abide in your majestic splendor.

So to earth's children,
Stern watch-tower of the valley,
You do ever sing a song of Power.
The soul of man, that looks on you,
Can never fail
To touch on Life's more Glorious Themes,
As high he dwells;
E'er viewing clear from out sweet Nature's heart

The beauties of the fair Yosemite,
Production on the canvas visible of Life,
Speaking forever the Power limitless of
The **Almighty Artist, GOD.**

* * * *

Stand upright in the fullness of the Spirit. If you do not receive richly, then question your own soul. You may either create darkness or light.

You are the one wholly responsible for your own soul's progression. Extend the soul of Love, and it will return to you.

You are capable. It has been handed down to you. If the cares of earth-life seem to press too hard, see to it that you do not accept of such cares.

Too many stars dropping at one time, fluctuate. They are excessive. Do not create in too many directions, lest it scatter your forces.

Be led by the inner knowledge of your **own** soul, the **Father** indwelling. The Key is yours. Will you guard the treasure? Take the Divine leading and work from within.

Give forth the words of the Spirit, that which wells up from the soul in love for all of God's children.

The spirit of inspiration will guide and lead you to give forth the words of Eternal Truth.

Blessed are the children of earth who are in the

same realm of Love, vibrating from sphere to sphere,
reaching out for the same God, mind to mind; the same
thoughts, the same love, guarded close, to the end.

* * * *

There Are no Limitations

We can only approach, and become cognizant of, the grandeur and perfection of the Spirit by irrevokably uniting ourselves, through the avenue of Intelligent Thought, to the Law of Harmony.

There are no limitations to the Divine. There is but **One Intelligence**, in the which, man is free to unfold to any degree that he desires.

This Infinite, Harmonious, Intelligent Force is **Omni-present**, or it is not **any** where in existence.

Man's failure to recognize this Power is no sign it does not exist, any more than it is true that electricity did not exist before man evolved to a knowledge of its presence through his Intelligence and Reason.

The out-picturing of limitations in **man** is no more than the out-picturing in a child of his ignorance of the multiplication table, until by searching he has proved it an Established Principle.

Latent within man is the capability of grasping more and more of the Eternal Truth of Being as he progresses in the onward march of Life, throughout Eternity.

If this Power, this Intelligence were not **Infinite**, then man might claim for himself limitations.

Only through ignorance of the existence of this Infinite Eternal, Harmonious and Intelligent Energy, which

is **God**, can man **fail** in manifesting Wisdom, Health, Love and Power.

* * * *

Thou art living for a **purpose**. Let this Truth sink deep into thy Soul. There is no time for foolish imaginings and waste of power. Poise thyself. Conserve thy forces and push on into the limitless expanse of Universal Wisdom.

The full glory of the Father awaiteth thy desire for, thy acceptance of, the **Truth**.

* * * *

What is Higher Thought?

Many ask what the Higher Thought stands for. All must, sooner or later know, it stands for, and is, a Divine Center of Truth in each and every seeking soul; from which already are going forth such vibrations of Christ Power and Wisdom that thousands are daily being blessed.

It draws to itself the Harmonies of High Heaven, which you who will be **still** enough in your hours of silent meditation, may hear.

It draws to Itself infinite and illimitable Wisdom which is freely given forth from out the realm of Divine Intelligence.

This Higher Thought Center in each, vibrates with the Infinite Energy of the Universe. The seeker must keep attuned to these Harmonious Vibrations, by great and lofty thoughts, words and deeds of Love and Truth.

The Higher Thought stands in the Universe as a Mighty Pipe Organ in some grand old Cathedral, whose deep melodious tones are even now pealing forth in reverberations of bewildering sweetness, heavenly symphonies, entrancing strains of Divine Music, and whose Organist is **Christ, the Truth.**

This Organist never strikes a false note, never wavers in bringing forth the Harmonies that are divinely sweet, infinitely powerful and eternally true.

In its softest and most melodious tones, if you listen closely, you will hear the healing words of our loved Master, Jesus, as breathed forth in tender love and sympathy—"Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go—and sin no more."

Amid the wild crash of thunder-swelling tones, as of a gathering storm, flowing, ebbing, surging, in uncertain time, you may hear the message—"Peace. Be still," and the soft harmonies of Love float out from this Grand Old Organ, the Christ Center, the Higher Thought Realm of the Soul, and into some seeking heart a ray of Light and Peace of Love Divine, has stolen its way and the turbulent Ocean of its life is stilled. Oil is poured on the troubled waters.

The doors, the windows, of the soul are opened wide. The Infinite Wisdom, **God**, has spoken in the midst thereof, and health and peace reign supreme.

Evenly, smoothly, now the Harmonies Divine are playing in the soul, and sweet consciousness that "All is Well", lulls to Rest.

Suddenly we are awakened from our peaceful meditations. The storm of justifiable wrath is upon us. The intensity increases. Wild, weird, almost angry, these deep symphonies come surging forth. We know the keys are being swept by the Master-hand of our Christ. It startles, electrifies, **thrills** us.

We look, and lo! The tables of the money-changers in the House of the Lord are overturned. The atmosphere is cleared of all save Spiritual Knowledge, and materiality stands forth, shorn of its power.

Spirit breathes softly forth—"Behold! I am All in All. Beside me there is none other. I am the Word, Intelligence. I am God, Love. I am come that you might have Life, and have it more abundantly."

The bells of Heaven are ringing now, and soft strains are issuing from this Great Center of Melody. We hear the gentle foot-falls of Christ in our midst. We sense His mighty Love in our souls. We eagerly reach out to do the works which he did, and is still doing.

We let ourselves know the great **Truth**, "The Father and I are one."

Even Death is vanquished from our consciousness, as the last sweet strains of this Great Organ softly melt into the ether of High Heaven, and our souls grasp the Truth, and affirm—"I am a **note** in this Mighty Organ of **Truth**, without which it would be incomplete. I will keep myself attuned to the **Highest**, I will breathe forth Love and Power to **All**. I am Harmony itself.

"I am responsible to every **other** Life for my **every** thought, word and deed, for that **other** life is but my **own**."

Thus in unity shall the Higher Thought Centers of the Soul grow in Love and Knowledge of the Truth that gives Freedom to mankind.

* * * *

Look deep and search the heart of the soul. You will find Love and Wisdom embedded there.

* * * *

Progressive Thoughts from Higher Realms

Thought-power is wonderful. It vibrates into the depths of the brain, goes to the soul, brings forth the power of God.

* * * *

The "Father" is the Universal Presence, Spirit, Divine Love, the established Harmonious Law of the Universe.

* * * *

Every breath you draw is Omnipresence. You are breathing the air of Infinite Power, Spirit, Divine Love, One Fountain-Head; the Spirit of All.

When you reach the highest pinnacle of thought, the sinless, selfless Life, then you have come into your rightful heritage; the **Universal** Life. You will manifest that which you are—**Perfect Love**.

* * * *

You may look at a rock. If you would know its contents, break it open. You see **Gold**. If you would

see the heart of the **Soul**, you must pierce it with **Love**.

* * * *

The Great Immutable Laws of the Supreme One live eternally. Divine Love is the essence of Life, and Spiritual Love, the tie that joins.

* * * *

Desire creates. When you first commenced your song were the tones as they are now? Broken chords become perfect under the touch of cultured fingers. Tune to the ear, becomes music to the soul, rippling, rippling into the Father's care, calling forth immutable Love, to dwell in the soul forever.

Unfold through Wisdom and Oneness with the Father; through instrumentalities higher than those of earth-life.

Come on to a higher plane; even that of the Christ. Walk ye therein. The Gates are open to those who will enter. Hands are out-stretched bidding you come in.

Joy, Peace and Love abide with you now and ever.

* * * *

Look into the crystal of the soul and ever soar to greater heights of Intelligence and Love. •

O, to be like Jesus! The Grandeur, the Sublimity of **THAT** Soul! To live as **He** lived, the life of Truth!

The Key of His success was **this**, understanding of the Truth, and to **will** was to **do**. This is the key to the unfoldment into ALL.

Can you pick up the thread of Christ's Life, and **dare** to do the **will**? Step out and face Life, Come into the Universal?

It's the **self** that holds earth's children, that **little self**. Get away from it. Teach others so to do. Look into the **Light** of Life.

This awakening within the soul is **Glorious**. Go on higher and higher, step by step, into the Eternal. Bathe in the waters of Life, rippling with Love, glorified in the promise of His Majesty, the Master.

* * * *

When you grasp the Whole, the Universal, see the Oneness of All Life, 'tis then every fibre of the Soul quivers with Love Divine.

Go into the Life Universal. **There** it is you find God. **Every** where, in **every** thing.

You will **then** grasp the Father's hand. He will lift you. Then you will grow in beauty, grace, truth and limitless Love.

* * * *

When awakened to the Harmonious Law of the Universe, you will find you are dwelling in the boundless Ocean of Life, with all the Forces around you seething with Love, Faith and Charity.

This awakening to the Powers that be, means everything to the soul of man. Sources of great strength are being turned into channels of earth-consciousness, removing all obstacles to man's development.

Open your eyes. Let in the spiritual perception and awaken into the sunlight of God's countenance.

* * * *

Be thou holy within thyself. Be thou acceptable, child of the Most High, within thine own consciousness. Delay not thine advent into paths of righteousness and peace. Awaken unto the power of the Christ indwelling.

Only canst thou receive this Limitless Power from **within**. When thou dost call for outside forces to make for thee conditions of Peace, thou art trammeling thine own soul.

When thou delayest thine hours of silent communion with the Most High to a more convenient season, thou art condemning thyself to disappointment and failure.

Stand thou in the midst of the Lord thy God, **ALL MIGHTY**. Let thy soul set in the thoughts of Love, as stars in the firmament.

Love is the Power. It is thy Guiding Star. Enter thou the portals of Love.

* * * *

Send out **Love**. Be true. Be firm. Reach out, and you will receive. O, the glories of the Divine Master flowing in the souls of His children! Always calling, calling, Never weary of reaching down into the lowest depths of misery to uplift the soul of man.

* * * *

Doubting keeps you in the dark. The clouds come between you and the stars. Wipe away the mists and you will see.

* * * *

Cros

I could not sleep;
For cause unknown, I tossed me to and fro.
I can not say it was unrest, nor yet unhappiness.
But something deep within my soul seemed stirred;
Aye, unto its inmost depths.
In the sweet silence, I had so oft
Called out for open eyes, illumination, clear, divine.
And now, it seemed to me this soul of mine
From depths of being, innermost,
Was awakening quite to the response.
Yet I anticipated not.
I was quite calm and self-possessed,
And ne'er more poised, I must confess
Than now. The hours sped on. The blinds,
I drew close down to shield my eyes
From e'en a touch of light.
I fastened well the door;
Again betook me to my couch. The hour
Was growing late.
The clock chimed out the noon hour of the night,
When I, perchance, might free partake
Of blessings rich and rare,
That might for my illumination make.
Oh, what an hour was this
For feast of soul and gift of God.
How little did I guess
The banquet table that was being spread for me, in this,
The darkness so intense.

As shifts the scene in deepest gloom
On stage of some vast theatre,
So seemed the subtle workings that were taking place
Within my room, before my face;
And yet I viewed it not.
A rift of light its radiance lent
As on some holy mission bent.
Another and another still,
In quick succession followed, filled
My room with one vast lurid gleam of dazzling light.
Again, and yet again it flashed
From Mighty Source in zig-zag lines,
In cross and circle bold; e'en did I hear the thunders
crash.

I queried deep within my breast,
Was this the **Spirit** Power? And then amid this
Weird, wild scene, there came a mist
Not far away from where I lay
With wondering eyes, in holy calm.
For had I not with longing, intense, deep,
Called out for this divine illumination, that now sweeps
My soul, and e'en the entire room?

Had I not known the power, untold,
Of calling only on the **Good**, the **Heavenly Light**,
I might have taken fright and fled.
Not so; around my bed
I knew stood sentinels from heaven.
Fearless I watched with eager eyes,
The cloud of filmy white which now did rise
In matchless purity, until it formed an arch in height
Of man's dimensions. Then it separated quite,
Threw back its filmy, sheen-like folds

Of drapery, and behold!
In archway shining bright, there stood in clear full view
With outstretched arms,
One of such dazzling splendor, glowing charms,
So peerless in his majesty and grace,
I scarce dared breathe.
To gaze upon his radiant face,
Was bliss divine.

His softly flowing robes which swept the floor,
No language can describe. The hour
Was Heaven's own. Around him, myriad angel ones
Were moving swiftly;
They were not visible in form; but ever kept the room
In atmosphere of constant move and sweet perfume,
In all-absorbing love.
In blackest silence now a moment passed,
And then, once more, the lightnings flashed,
Unbridled as before.
Again the archway opened bold;
Back swept the snowy, misty folds;
And lo! with loving hands outstretched,
As if in benediction sweet,
He now stood forth. I bounded to my feet;
And, to know that it was I, pressed hard my flesh.

Could it be true that unto me
Should come such power of sight?
Such opening of the mysteries
Of Heaven? This holy one of dazzling light,
This wondrous presence, now, from whom
Swept forth such consciousness of **love**,
The earth, the heaven above,

Seemed all aflame, and all divine.
Creation, in the soul of man,
Stands forth as God's Eternal Plan;
And childlike heavenly desires
But kindle vast creative fires
Whose incense reaches heaven.
The earnest, intense longings, deep
Within my soul, to bathe in heavenly visions sweet
Of light and gleaming love,
Opened again the portals wide,
And lo! the shining One appeared; all radiant, glorified.
His face divine.
The majesty of this scene sublime
Will dwell with me throughout Eternity.

Scarce had he vanished from my view,
When once again the sheen-like curtains rose and fell,
And rose again; while through and through,
My soul was thrilled with love divine;
Behold! a sweet Madonna. On her face was look
Of heavenly peace; and in her hands, a book;
Methinks the teachings of the Christ. Oh, wondrous
Light!
Around her head, a halo bright
Shone forth. Playing anear her shoulders of rare mould
Were numerous faces which did e'er unfold
In beauty rare, and childlike grace.
"Mother," I whispered, and apace
The vision fled.

Within my hands I clasped my head,
To see if now, perchance,
I might not be in dreamland, or entranced.

Or reaching out in some imagination wild.
But calm within myself, spake God;
“Ah, no, my child,
I have but answered thy sweet prayer.
Thou hast but started up the stair-way
Of illumination. Thou shalt fear not, but onward press
Thou’lt sense my love, my sweet caress.
Thou’lt know the Everlasting One
That guides thee on, from sun to sun.

Great Eros, with a soul of fire,
Hath played upon the heavenly lyre
Of faith, within thy soul.
Hath shown himself to thee, my child,
In softest halo, flashings wild
Of rare electric power.
Let not this hour pass by thee idly, child of Love;
But claim thy Oneness. Let me smooth
Thy pathway to the Eternal gate
Of Heaven, within thy soul.
And then, behold, the softened light
Of dimly burning taper;
And all seemed normal and aright.
But, as if now to prove
To doubting mind, this wondrous love;
Stands open wide my door,
Which I had fastened hard with lock and bolt.
In wondering ecstasy I paced the floor;
Gazing in holy awe upon the spot whereon great Eros
stood.
I meditated long. Closed now the door
Which was the parting proof
Of angel presence ’neath my roof;

Then sought my couch. To sleep?
Ah no! To muse for hours in silence dear. To keep
Within my soul the grandeur of this hour,
So fired with love, so wondrous bright.

Toward morn, sweet slumber wooed my eyes.
It was a rest of pure delight;
Of such refreshing power
I felt within me glow anew, the fervor of the hour;
The fountain of Immortal Life.
Erasing from my mind the strife
That hitherto had reigned
As 'twixt the seen and unseen. God had deigned
To teach me in his own sweet way.
And, at the dawning of the day,
There fled not from me this great truth, nor lost
The undimmed splendor of the Heavenly Host,
That move in sweet accord
With God's own will; Who, with his word
Makes the unseen as doubly real.
And ever fills my soul with ecstasy.
Abides with me, and makes award
For all my hours of grief and ill,
Makes me to know my oneness still
With Life Immortal, which is God.

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